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DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
Shakspeare,

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COMPLETE IN THREE VOLUMES.

Embellished with Vignette Titles, representing Comedy, History,
and Tragedy.

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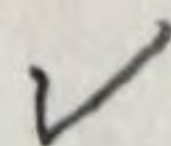
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Volume II.



*There is a HISTORY in all mens lives
Figuring the nature of the time deceased.
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LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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1851.

WINTER'S TALE.

Persons represented.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
 MAMILLIUS, *his son.*
 CAMILLO, }
 ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*
 CLEOMENES, }
 DION, }
 Another *Sicilian Lord.*
 ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
 An *Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.*
Officers of a court of judicature.
 POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
 FLORIZEL, *his son.*
 ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
 A *Mariner.*

Gaoler.
 An old *Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.*
 Clown, *his son.*
 Servant to the old *Shepherd.*
 AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
 Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
 PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
 PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*
 EMILIA, *a Lady,* } *attending the Queen.*
 Two other *Ladies,* }
 MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*
 DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

Scene,—sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made

separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attended, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:

And yet we should for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,

Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then:
and in that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble; to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay.

You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go:
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [To POLIXENES.]

I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my com-
mission,

To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed, Le-
ontes,

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars
with oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending:
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;

You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more be-
hind,

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not Guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us:

for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll an-
swer;

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when
was't before?

I prithee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and
make us

As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying
tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves
to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clasp thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?
Why that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come,
captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, cap-
tain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

[*Observing POL. and HER.*

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the
shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: Sweet
villain!

Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—
may't be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the center:

Thou dost make possible, things not so held;

Communicatest with dreams—(How can this
be?)—

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou
dost;

(And that beyond commission, and I find it;)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself un-
breech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest
friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his
dole!—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He make's a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's wel-
come;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden; Shall's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll
be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[*Aside.—Observing POL. and HER.*

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a
fork'd one.—

[*Exeunt POL. HER. and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and
clamor

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—
There have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the
arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced in his
absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort
in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is
none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north, and south; Be it con-
cluded,

No barricado for a belly: know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now,
boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man.— [Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions;
made

His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already: whispering,
rounding,

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Ca-
millo,

That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: 'good, should be
pertinent:

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted,

is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,

Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most un-
derstand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the en-
treaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been

Deceived in thy integrity, deceived

In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest:

or,

If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward;

Which boxes honesty behind, restraining

From course required: Or else thou must be

counted

A servant, grafted in my serious trust,

And therein negligent; or else a fool,

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake

drawn,

And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;

In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Amongst the infinite doings of the world,

Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly; if industriously

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful

To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,

Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty

Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,

Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass

By its own visage: if I then deny it,

't is none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,

(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-

glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,

(For to a vision so apparent, rumour

Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation

Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,

(Or else be impudently negative,

To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then

say,

My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name

As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to

Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear

My sovereign mistress clouded so, without

My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,

You never spoke what did become you less

Than this, which to reiterate, were sin

As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
blind

With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is
nothing;
The covering sky is nothing: Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do
that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who
mayst see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees
heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this: and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being
spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do: and will fetch off Bohemia for't;

Provided, that when he's removed, your high-
ness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for
sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bo-
hemian,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitst thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast ad-
vised me. *[Exit.]*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears
not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a coun-
tenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you
and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis the rea-
son; For, to yourself, what you do, you
cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexion are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too: for I
must be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my
knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I
well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charged in honor, and by him
That I think honorable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence
he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his
queen forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis
borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several
posterns,

Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine; My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but
nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bearst my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your
highness

To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles
me,

'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to
me as if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my good lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows,
they say,

Become some women best; so that there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady*. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—

Pray now

What color are your eye-brows?

1 *Lady*. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a
lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 *Lady*. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we
shall

Present our services to a fine new prince,

One of these days; and then you'd wanton

with us,

If we would have you.

1 *Lady*. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?

Come, sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,

And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:

I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, sir.

Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your
best

To fright me with your sprites: you're power-
ful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell
it softly;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

1 *Lord*. Behind the tuft of pines I met
them; never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I

In my just censure? in my true opinion?—

Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make
known

How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his
sides,

With violent hefts:—I have drank, and seen
the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—

There is a plot against my life, my crown;

All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him;

He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the
posterns

So easily open?

1 *Lord*. By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,

On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not
nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not
come about her;

Away with him:—and let her sport herself

With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes

Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my

saying,

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about

To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

'Tis *pity she's not honest, honorable*:

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,

That mercy does; for calumny will sear

Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and
ha's,

When you have said, she's goodly, come be-
tween,

Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it

should be,

She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,

He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,

Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,

And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,

She's an adultress; I have said with whom:

More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is

A federary with her; and one that knows

What she should shame to know herself,

But with her most vile principal, that she's

A bed-swerver, even as bad as those

That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy

To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

Privy to none of this: How will this grieve
you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge,

that

You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all,
my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be performed!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
[To the Guards.]

Her. Who is't that goes with me?—'Beseech
your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your
mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you
have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the
queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones
suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is
spotless

I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further
trust her;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our-
selves:

You are abused, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for it; would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn him: Be she honor-
flaw'd,—

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and sons five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine
honor,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I,
my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content
me

To have her honor true, than your suspicion;
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural good-
ness

Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this pro-
ceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in
post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no
more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others: such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it
good,

From our free person she should be confined;
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The outer Room
of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to
him: [*Exit an Attendant.*]
Let him have knowledge who I am,—Good
lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom I much honor.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, prithee. [*Exit Keeper.*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes coloring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious
lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king! be-
shrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best: I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your
ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be
doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something
nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send
the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchised: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She, the adulteress:—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 Attend. My lord? [*Advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Attend. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see,
His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:
go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fie, fie!
no thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;

And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them;
nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking:—I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charged thee, that she should not come about
me;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honor,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the reign, I let her run:
But she'll not stumble!

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen:
I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his
eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a
daughter;

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so;

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll war-
rant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the
bastard:—

Thou dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art wo-
man-tired, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did: then, 'twere
past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and
will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her
husband,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your
charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail,
finger:

And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy,) something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me: I'll be
gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these
hands?—

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.—

My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,

And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up

straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us
better credit:

We have always truly served you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,

(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this

purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must

Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that
blows:—

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,

Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[*To ANTIGONUS.*]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you
adventure

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,

And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,

To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this
sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?)
for the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;

Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin
thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,

Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favor of the climate. As by strange

fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—

On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,

Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor

babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and

ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,

Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous

In more than this deed doth require! and
blessing,

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit, with the Child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 Atten. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come

An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both

landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed;

foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have

The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign

Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have

A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;

And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street in some Town.**Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the
reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event of the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the
oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—
fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we
pronounce,)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much beloved.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due
course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the
queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded;
PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leon-
tes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and
arraigned of high treason, in committing
adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia;
and conspiring with Camillo to take away
the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy

royal husband; the pretence whereof being
by circumstances partly laid open, thou,
Hermione, contrary to the faith and alle-
giance of a true subject, didst counsel and
aid them, for their better safety, to fly away
by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but
that

Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce
boot me

To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny

Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best
know,

(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold
me,—

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's
daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honor; 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for
honor,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot be-
yond

The bound of honor; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accused,) I do confess,
I loved him, as in honor he required;
With such a kind of love, as might become

A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in
me

Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love
had spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods them-
selves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you
know

What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all
shame,

(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I
seek.

To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third com-
fort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die! Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honor,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

VOL. II.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers with CLEOMENES & DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword
of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a
jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly be-
gotten; and the king shall live without an
heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere false-
hood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens
themselves
Dostrike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*]
How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—
Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.—
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAUL. and Ladies, with HER.*]
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and
with

C

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying?
boiling
In leads or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have
done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
honor,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the
queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and
vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,
nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve
you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake
thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know
them,

I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's
past help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my
liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much
better

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed
there,

Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Bohemia. A desert Country
near the Sea.

*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a
Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my con-
science,

The heavens with that we have in hand are
angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
aboard,
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.]

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
 I have heard, (but not believed,) the spirits of
 the dead
 May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white
 robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before
 me:
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the
 babe,
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I prithee, call't; for this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are
 toys:*
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squared by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death: and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well:
[Laying down the Child.]
 There lie; and there thy character; there these;
[Laying down a bundle.]
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
 pretty,
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—
 Poor wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
 To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot!
 But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like
 to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage cla-
 mor!—
 Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;
 I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a Bear.]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between
 ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would
 sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the
 between but getting wenches with child, wrong-
 ing the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you
 now!—Would any but these boiled brains of
 nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this wea-

ther? They have scared away two of my best
 sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find,
 than the master: if any where I have them,
 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy. Good
 luck, an't be thy will! what have we here?
[Taking up the Child.] Mercy on's, a barne;
 a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I won-
 der? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure
 some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I
 can read waiting gentlewoman in the scape.
 This has been some stair-work, some trunk-
 work, some behind-door-work: they were
 warmer that got this, than the poor thing is
 here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry
 till my son come; he hollaed but even now.
 Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hillos, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a
 thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,
 come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and
 by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for
 it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and
 it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes,
 how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but
 that's not to the point: O, the most piteous
 cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em,
 and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the
 moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed
 with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into
 a hogshead. And then for the land service,—
 To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-
 bone; how he cried to me for help, and said,
 his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But
 to make an end of the ship:—to see how the
 sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor
 souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and
 how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear
 mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea,
 or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I
 saw these sights: the men are not yet cold
 under water, nor the bear half dined on the
 gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped
 the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side,
 to have helped her; there your charity would
 have lacked footing. *[Aside.]*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but
 look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou
 met'st with things dying, I with things new
 born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a
 bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee
 here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's
 see; It was told me, I should be rich by the
 fairies: this is some changeling:—open't:
 What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of
 your youth are forgiven you, you're well to
 live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they

are never curst, but when they are hungry; if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed; If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.]

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones

there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callst him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose sim-

plicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer;—

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she

lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to color the warden pies; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, seven; *a race*, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes*, and as many of raisins o'the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I'the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there: and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over

many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same.* A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora, Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,

And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:

O, pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscured

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference forges dread your great

ness

Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble To think, your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates! How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd flannels, behold The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now: Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer; Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires Run not before mine honor; nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power o'the king:

One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose, Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair, Or not my father's: for I cannot be Mine own, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine: to this I am most constant, Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle; Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:

Lift up your countenance; as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptial, which We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune, Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES, and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach: Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook; Both dame and servant: welcomed all; served all:

Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,

At upper end o'the table, now i'the middle; On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire

With labor; and the thing, she took to quench it,

She would to each one sip: You are retired, As if you were a feasted one, and not

The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid

These unknown friends to us welcome: for
it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present
yourself

That which you are, mistress o'the feast:
Come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [*To POL.*
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day:—You're welcome,
sir! [*To CAMILLO.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reve-
rend sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that
kind

Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness,
shares

With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather:
but

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for
you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are
given

To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now,
my fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o'the spring, that
might

Become your time of day; and yours; and
yours;

That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st
fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and
play on;

Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take
your flowers:

Metbinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your
youth,

And the true blood, which fairly peeps through
it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I
pray:

Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass
that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does,
or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth,
she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
garlic,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon
our manners.—
Come, strike up. [Music.]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your
daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my
daughter;
I think so too: for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be
plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I re-
port it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the
pedlar at the door, you would never dance
again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe
could not move you: he sings several tunes,
faster than you'll tell money; he utters them
as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears
grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall
come in: I love a ballad but even too well;
if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a
very pleasant thing indeed, and sung la-
mentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman,
of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his custo-
mers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-
songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is
strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos
and fadings; jump her and thump her: and

where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as
it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap
into the matter, he makes the maid to answer,
Whoop, do me no harm, good man; puts him
off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm,
good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admi-
rable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided
wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the
rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in
Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they
come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,
cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over,
as they were gods or goddesses; you would
think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants
to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the
square on't.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him
approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurri-
lous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have
more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come
buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come, buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
shouldst take no money of me; but being en-
thrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of
certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the
feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that,
or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised
you: may be, he has paid you more; which
will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids?
will they wear their plackets where they
should bear their faces? Is there not milking-
time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,
to whistle off these secrets; but you must be
tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well
they are whispering: Clamor your tongues,
and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised
me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore, it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither?

A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be:

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS and MOPSA.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly, now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have
ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him; if your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and
lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved: I take thy hand; this
hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you
out:—

But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and
all:

That,—were I crown'd the most imperial mo-
narch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and
knowledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize
them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her
service,

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness
to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
more;

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good
reason,

The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to
grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call! thou art too base
To be acknowledged: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old
traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh
piece

Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must
know

The royal fool thou copest with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with
briars, and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond
boy,—

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from suc-
cession;

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court,—Thou churl, for this
time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,

Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once or twice
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be
gone? [To FLORIZEL.

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech
you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of
mine,—

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and
lay me

Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed
wretch! [To PERDITA.

That knewst this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard! delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not
following

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould
be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy
looks:—

From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with mad-
ness,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas
hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: Therefore, I pray
you,

As you have e'er been my father's honor'd
friend,

When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean
not

To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may
know,

And so deliver;—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[Takes her aside.
I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and
honor;

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him,
which is

Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honor,
I'll point you where you shall have such
receiving

As shall become your highness; where you may

Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin :) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your ab-
sence,)

Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more than
man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any, yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and
flies

Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your
purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair
princess,

(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes

The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, for-
givenness,

As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the
hands

Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides
him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the
one

He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him,
with

What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down:

The which shall point you forth at every
sitting,

What you must say; that he shall not per-
ceive,

But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most
certain,

To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you

Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you
know,

Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart
together

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these
seven years,

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a
mistress

To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—

But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know my
fortunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care

To have you royally appointed, as if

The scene you play, were mine. For instance,
sir,

That you may know you shall not want,—one
word. [They talk aside.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and
trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-
man! I have sold all my trumpery; not a
counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, poman-
der, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape,
glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep
my pack from fasting: they throng who should
buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,
and brought a benediction to the buyer: by
which means, I saw whose purse was best in
picture; and, what I saw, to my good use I
remembered. My clown (who wants but
something to be a reasonable man,) grew so
in love with the wenches' song, that he would
not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and
words, which so drew the rest of the herd to
me, that all their other senses stuck in ears:
you might have pinch'd a placket, it was
senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece
of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that
hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but
my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it.
So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and
cut most of their festival purses: and had not
the old man come in with a whoobub against
his daughter and the king's son, and scared my

choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me, now,—why hanging. [Aside.]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee, instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [Aside.]

Cam. Nay, prithee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.— [Aside.]

Flo. Despatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.]
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy Come home to you!—you must retire yourself Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat, And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;

Dismantle you: and as you can, disliking The truth of your own seeming; that you may, (For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies, That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.— Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father, He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot? Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king [Aside.]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,

To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [Aside.]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship,

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Thinkst thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those

that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive: then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in

my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and

that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid
down

More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er
man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,

Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
[To LEONTES.]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor,—O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speakst truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one
worse,

And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you
mark

Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your
ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that
follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no
wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my
spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to
his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will: give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so
young

As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in
breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince
Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth,
I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your-
self

Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equal'd:—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly
ebb'd,

To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a
creature,

Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else: make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a
woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes:
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis
strange,

[*Exeunt CLEO. Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had
pair'd

Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; thou knowst,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PER-
DITA, and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him: and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something
seized

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
his

Measured, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done
thee, stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hi-
ther,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her;
thence

(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify

Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here, in the city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now,
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him: who
now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you,
sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth
such gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To FLORIZEL.

Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which
errand

I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my
lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentlemen.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it: whereupon, after a little amazed-
ness, we were all commanded out of the cham-
ber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd
say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the busi-
ness;—But the changes I perceived in the king,
and Camillo, were very notes of admiration:
they seemed almost, with staring on one ano-
ther, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was
speech in their dumbness, language in their
very gesture; they looked, as they had heard
of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A
notable passion of wonder appeared in them:
but the wisest beholder, that knew no more
but seeing, could not say, if the importance
were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of
the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows
more:

The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is
fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a
deal of wonder is broken out within this hour,
that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can
deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this

news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother:—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thymother, thymother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; and her elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed,

and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to, against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clow. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clow. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clow. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and

then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dar'est venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O, grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O, Paulina, We honor you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well. [*PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder; But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,

Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her! I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty; which has My evils conjured to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave; And do not say, 'tis superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience; The statue is but newly fix'd, the color's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on:

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away; So many summers, dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother, Let him, that was the cause of this, have power To take off so much grief from you, as he Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord, If I had thought, the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,) I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy

May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be. Would I were dead, but that, methinks already—What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,

Would you not deem, it breathed? and that
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you: but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,

For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike.—[*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: ap-
proach,

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[*HERMIONE comes down from the Pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in
age,

Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she
has lived,
Or, how stolen from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speaks not. Mark a little
while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HER-
MIONE.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough: and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast
found mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honorable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and
honesty,

Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom, heavens di-
recting,)

Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*

MACBETH.

Persons represented.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
 MALCOLM, } *his Sons.*
 DONALBAIN, }
 MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's army.*
 BANQUO, }
 MACDUFF, }
 LENOX, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
 ROSSE, }
 MENTETH, }
 ANGUS, }
 CATHNESS, }
 FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*
Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

Scene,—in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
 In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II. *A camp near Fores.*

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
 Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
 'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
 Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
 As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,

And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
wald

*(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
 The multiplying villanies of nature
 Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too
 weak:*

*For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that
 name,)*

*Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion,*

*Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
 him,*

*Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
 chaps,*

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders
 break;

*So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd
 to come,*

*Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
 mark:*

*No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
 heels,*

*But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.*

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as
thy wounds;
They smack of honor both:—Go, get him
surgeons. [Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
Thethane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst
arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composi-
tion;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more thatthane of Cawdor shall
deceive

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth
hath won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuds in her
lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me, quoth I:

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as he did homeward come.

[Drum within.]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not
seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What
are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can:—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem
to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great pre-
diction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,

That heseems rapt withal; to me you speak not:

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say, which grain will grow, and which
will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou
be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am, thane of
Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor
lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from
whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I
charge you. [Witches *vanish*.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they *vanish'd*?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd cor-
poral, melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had
staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do
speak about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it
not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words.
Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily received,
Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenced with
that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater
honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of
Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do
you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combined with Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know
not:

But treasons capital, confess'd, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
me,

Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-
men.—

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Caw-
dor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fan-
tastical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise: and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor:—my dull
brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains

Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the
king.—

Think upon what hath chanced: and, at more
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are
not

Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and
ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less
deserved;

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and
servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing
every thing

Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name here-
after,

The prince of Cumberland: which honor must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used
for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That
is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,

[*Aside.*]

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!

Let not light see my black and deep desires:

The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so
valiant;

And in his commendations I am fed;

It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:

It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of suc-
cess; and I have learned, by the perfectest
report, they have more in them than mortal
knowledge. When I burned in desire to
question them further, they made them-
selves—air, into which they vanished.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it,
came missives from the king, who all-hailed
me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before,
these weird sisters saluted me, and referred
me to the coming on of time, with, Hail,
king that shalt be! This have I thought good
to deliver thee, my dearest partner of
greatness; that thou mightest not lose the
dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what
greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy
heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be
great;

Art not without ambition; but without

The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'd'st have,
great Glamis,

That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou
have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true; our thane
is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is
hoarse, [*Exit Attendant.*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you
spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,

To cry, *Hold, Hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, AN-
GUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's
breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where
they

Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honor'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our
trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you,

How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done
double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honors deep and broad, where-
with

Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath
help him

To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the
Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over
the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with
dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly: If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and
 catch,

With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed jus-
 tice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
 chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no
 spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on the other—How now, what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have
 you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
 business:

He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept
 since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valor,
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat i'the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you
 would

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their
 fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know

How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,

Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
 gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as
 you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassel so convince,

That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep

Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon

His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!

For thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males. Will it not be received,

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy

two

Of his own chamber, and used their very

daggers,

That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar

Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show;

False face must hide what the false heart doth

know. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Court within the
 Castle.*

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant,
 with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard
 the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's hus-
 bandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep! Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to, in repose;—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your offices: This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared, Our will became the servant to defect; Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them: Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, Would spend it in some words upon that business, If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis, It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none, In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but A dagger of the mind; a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood, Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;

It is the bloody business, which informs Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder, Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

The very stones prate of my where-about, And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them; Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one old laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*,
the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, *amen*,
When they did say, *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and *amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep*
no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent
sleep;

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of
care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast;—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all
the house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep
no more!

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.—Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter *Lady Macbeth*.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but
I shame

To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it, then? Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[Knocking.] Hark!
more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, let occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not
know myself. [Knock.]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, would
thou couldst! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old

turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock,
knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub?

Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the
expectation of plenty: Come in time; have

napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat
for't. [Knocking.] Knock, knock: Who's there,

i'the other devil's name? Faith, here's an
equivocator, that could swear in both the

scales against either scale; who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not

equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.
[Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's

there? Faith, here's an English tailor come
hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come

in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
[Knocking.] Knock, knock: Never at quiet!

What are you?—But this place is too cold for
hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had

thought to have let in some of all professions,
that go the primrose way to the everlasting

bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you,
remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter *MACDUFF* and *LENOX*.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went
to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker
of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink espe-
cially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-

vokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away
the performance: Therefore, much drink may

be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it
makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on,

and it takes him off; it persuades him, and
disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not

stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last
night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat
o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I

think, being too strong for him, though he

took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure

bird
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart,

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. & Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy

your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake!

awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]
Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like

sprights,

To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,

And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance,

I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't:

Their hands and faces were all badged with
blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we
found

Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life

Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate,
and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,

Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. & DON.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separate fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse:
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE, and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well;
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this
sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis
day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp:

Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
last,

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
make

War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of
mine eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good
Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon
them

Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named; and gone to
Scone,

To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there;—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,

Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;

But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King;
Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX,
ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night, we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your
good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and pros-
perous,)

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow:
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does
call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.— [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be
with you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— [*Exit Atten.*]

To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much
he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters

When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's
there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation
with you,

How you were borne in hand; how cross'd;
the instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,
that might,

To half a soul, and a notion crazed,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is
now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
cleped

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,

And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;

And I will put that business in your bosoms,

Whose execution takes your enemy off;

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,

Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody
distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my
sight,

And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't: for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide
within.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend
his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed
have died

With them they think on? Things without re-
medy,

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not
kill'd it;

She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to
peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;

Present him eminence, both with eye and
tongue:

Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honors in these flattering
streams;

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou knowst, that Banquo, and his Fleance,
lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not
eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assail-
able;

Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's

summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall

be done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge,
dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, sealing night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and

the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

Whiles night's black agents to their prey do
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee
still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves
by ill:

So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter Three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
fly, fly;

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.*]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much
is done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit
down: at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth: anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did
for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats:
Yet he's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm,
that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-
morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,

'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best
at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's ho-
nor roof'd,

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,

Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that
moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this;

Lords. What, my good lord!

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is
often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you,
keep seat;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look
on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo !
how say you ?——
Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak
too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the
olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die,
And there an end : but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : This is more
strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget :—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all ;
Then I'll sit down :—Give me some wine,
fill full :

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the
earth hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword :
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so ;—being
gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth,
broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows
worse and worse ;

Question enrages him : at once, good night :—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood ; they say, blood
will have blood ;
Stones have been known to move, and trees
to speak ;

Augurs, and understood relations have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks,
brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the
night ?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning,
which is which.

Macb. How sayst thou, that Macduff denies
his person
At our great bidding ?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir ?

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will
send :

There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst : for mine own
good,

All causes shall give way : I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head, that will to
hand ;

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep : My strange
and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :—
We are but young in deed. — [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter HECATE, meeting the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are, Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth, In riddles, and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: Get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron, Meet me i'the morning; thither he Will come to know his destiny. Your vessels, and your spells, provide, Your charms, and every thing beside: I am for the air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal-fatal end. Great business must be wrought ere noon: Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vaporous drop profound; I'll catch it, ere it come to ground: And that, distill'd by magic slights, Shall raise such artificial sprights, As, by the strength of their illusion, Shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear: And you all know, security Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c. Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, Which can interpret further: only, I say, Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:— And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late; Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain, To kill their gracious father? damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear, That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too; For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive, To hear the men deny it. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think, That, had he Duncan's sons under his key, (As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, Lives in the English court; and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace, That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:

That, by the help of these, (with Him above To ratify the work,) we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights; Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;

Do faithful homage, and receive free honors, All which we pine for now: And this report Hath so exasperate the king, that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir,* not I,

The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*

That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England, and unfold His message ere he come; that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accursed!

Lord. My prayers with him! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—Tis time, tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw.— Toad, that under coldest stone, Days and nights hast thirty-one Swelter'd venom sleeping got, Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch*. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch*. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch*. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other Three
Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch*. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and
midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you
profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown
down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch*. Speak.

2 *Witch*. Demand.

3 *Witch*. We'll answer.

1 *Witch*. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from
our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch*. Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten

Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. *An Apparition of an Armed
Head rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch*. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—
Enough. [*Descends*.]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good cau-
tion, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one
word more:—

1 *Witch*. He will not be commanded: Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a bloody Child
rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.
[*Descends*.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I
fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An Apparition of a Child crowned,
with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends*.]

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
know:—

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is
this? [*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.*
Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage
in order; the last with a Glass in his
Hand; BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,
eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:

That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this
pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did
hear

The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
you word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread
exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

VOL. II.

The castle of Macduff I will surprize;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gen-
tlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Fife. A Room in Macduff's
Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him
fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;

His flight was madness: When our actions do
not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us
not:

He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself: But, for your
husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold
rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;

But float upon a wild and violent sea,

Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:

Shall not be long but I'll be here again:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fa-
therless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit ROSSE.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the
net, nor line,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

F

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speakst with all thy wit; and yet, i'faith, With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honor I am perfect. I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you, were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm, Is often laudable; to do good, sometime, Accounted dangerous folly: Why, then, alas! Do I put up that womanly defence, To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified, Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*]

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother; Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III. England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men, Bestride our downfall'n birthdom: Each new morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and, what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb, To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may recoil, In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon; That which you are, my thoughts cannot trans- pose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, (Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonors, But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,

Thy title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou thinkst, For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp, And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds: I think, withal, There would be hands uplifted in my right; And here, from gracious England, have I offer

Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
Worse suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more: that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming
graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore
thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my
breast,

Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my
thoughts

To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction: here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,

For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight

No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,

Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:

Now we'll together; And the chance, of good-
ness,

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once,

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king
forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched
souls,

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doct.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited
people,

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes
remove

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend
the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well, too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when
I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech;
How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:

Now is the time of help! your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surprized; your wife,
and babes,

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not
speak,

Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty
ones?

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven

look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle
heaven,

Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may,
The night is long, that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise: and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks; I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady MACB.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician: God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with Drum and Colors, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands, move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,

When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, & Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy
Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know

All mortal consequents, pronounced me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of
woman,*

Shall e'er have power on thee.—Then fly,
false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced
loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy
fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I
am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but
dare not.

Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my
flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
armor.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none
of it:—

Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff;—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me:

Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor,
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest
thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal pre-
paration

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane. A
Wood in view.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, MALCOLM,
old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF,
MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX,
ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a
bough,

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more or less have given him the revolt;
And none servewith him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, MACBETH,
SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the out-
ward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should
be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to
beard,

And beat them backward home. What is
that noise? [*A cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with
horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story
quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave. [*Striking him.*]

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be
not so:

Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speakst false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane*;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and
out!—

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now
undone.—

Ring the alarm-bell:—Blow, wind! come,
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A Plain before
the Castle.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, MALCOLM,
old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and their
Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,

And show like those you are:—You, worthy
uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and
death. [*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Another Part of
the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I
cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—
What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with
my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speakst.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Ex.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant,
show thy face;

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
Mywifeand children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou,
Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exeunt. Alarum.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Macb. Thou lovest labor:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me
so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole: and underwrit,
Here may ye see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body

I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold,*
enough. [Exeunt, fighting.

*Retreat. Florish. Re-enter, with Drum
and Colors, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MEN-
TETH, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe
arrived.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a sol-
dier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man:
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your
cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him! Here comes newer
comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head
on a Pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [Florish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of
time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life:—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[Florish. Exeunt.

KING LEAR.

Persons represented.

LEAR, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Kent.

Earl of Gloster.

EDGAR, son to Gloster.

EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.

CURAN, a courtier.

Old Man, tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

OSWALD, steward to Goneril.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,

REGAN,

CORDELIA,

} daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

Scene,—Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[Trumpets sound within.]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, & Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France

and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the
matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honor:
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech
unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and
be silent. [*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this
line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains
rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my
sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense pos-

sesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our
joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young
love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd: what can you say, to
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your
speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight,
shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy
dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my
sight!— [*To Cordelia.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this
third:

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still
retain

The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

[*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make
from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork
invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do,
old man?

Thinkst thou, that duty shall have dread to
speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honor's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy
doom;

And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least:
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to
lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swearst thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!—

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency make good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision

To shield thee from diseases of the world;

And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*]

That justly thinkst, and hast most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*]

That good effects may spring from words of
love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this
king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur.

Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear.

Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur.

I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,

Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with
our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur.

Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To FRANCE.*]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France.

This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best
object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor.

I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor:
But even for want of that, for which I am
richer;

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear.

Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased
me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have
her?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a
father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, de-
spised!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find:

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be
thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again.—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.*—*Exeunt* LEAR, BUR. CORN.
ALBANY, GLOSTER, & Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are:
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are named. Use well our
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath received
you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience
scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Times shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say,
of what most nearly appertains to us both. I
think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you;
next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is;

the observation we have made of it hath not
been little: he always loved our sister most;
and with what poor judgment he hath now
cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash; then must we look to receive
from his age, not alone the imperfections of
long-engrafted condition, but therewithal, the
unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric
years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to
have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you,
let us hit together: If our father carry autho-
rity with such dispositions as he bears, this
last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy
law

My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true
As honest madam's issue: Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate:—Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in
choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed his
power!

Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the Letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—* Humph—Conspiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue,—* My son Edgar!—Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor,

and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[Exit EDMUND.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[Exit EDMUND.]

SCENE III. A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question;

If he dislike it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be used With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abused.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lovest,

Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,— [Exit.]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base football player. [Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but, away: go to; Have you wisdom? so.

[Pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[Giving KENT money.]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [Giving KENT his Cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favor: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,

Ride more than thou goest,

Learn more than thou trowest,

Set less than thou throwest;

Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more

Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.
[To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come, place him here by me,—

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [Sings.]

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Sings.]

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [To GON.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod. [Pointing to LEAR.]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;

Which in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, That it had its head bit off by his young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favor Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth
speak

For instant remedy: Be then desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your dis-
ordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir,
are you come?

Is it your will? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Pre-
pare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GON.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:

And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of
nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my
people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltless, as I am ig-
norant

Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, na-
ture, hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof
comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the
cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus: [*To GONERIL.*]

That these hot tears, which break from me
perforce,

Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and
fogs upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,

Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shapewhich thou dost think

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant
thee.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your

master. [*To the Fool.*]
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and
take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A
hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on

every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness,—How
now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away
to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No,
no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side

his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy question, Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid;

You have now the good advantage of the night: Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of

Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon
me:—

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you
well.

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho,
here!—

Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, fare-
well.— [*Exit EDMUND.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen
drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! Father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp
sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the
moon

To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means
he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exit Serv.*]
By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your
lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods

'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;

Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond

The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,

With his prepared sword, he charges home

My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:

But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,

Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the en-
counter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,

Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my

master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:

By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he, which finds him, shall deserve our

thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;

He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,

And found him pight to do it, with curst speech

I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,

Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,

If I would stand against thee, would the

reposal

Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee

*Make thy words faith'd! No: what I should
deny,*

*(As this I would; ay, though thou didst
produce*

*My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned prac-*

tice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world,

If they not thought the profits of my death

Were very pregnant and potential spurs

To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain;

Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why

he comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;

The duke must grant me that; besides, his

picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom

May have due note of him; and of my land,

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means

To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I

came hither,

(Which I can call but now,) I have heard

strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too

short,

Which can pursue the offender. How dost,

my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is

crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek

your life?

He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous

knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill

affected;

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death;

To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister

Been well inform'd of them; and with such

cautions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house,

I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your

father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and

received

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you,
Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several mes-

sengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam;
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I the mire.

Stew. Prithee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking-knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good-service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowst me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop

o'the moonshine of you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—Draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared, At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinset unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?
Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or
his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth
affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak
truth:

An they will take it, so: if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What meanst by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no
flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain ac-
cent, was a plain knave; which, for my part,
I will not be, though I should win your dis-
pleasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:

It pleased the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his dis-
pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend
braggart,

We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I've life and honor, there shall he sit till
noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[Stocks brought out.]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same color
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the
stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purposed low cor-
rection

Is such, as basest and contemnedst wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse,

To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[KENT is put in the Stocks.]

Come, my good lord; away.

[Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the
duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat
for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be
ill taken. [Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the
common saw!

Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees mira-
cles,

But misery;—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:—All weary and o'er-
watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more: turn
thy wheel. [He sleeps.]

SCENE III. A part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may
scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought

To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor
Tom!

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so de-
part from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears,
by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men
by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs,
then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy
place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't:
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this
usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting
forth

From Goneril his mistress, salutations;

Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd
mine,

(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass
worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind:

But fathers, that bear bags,

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

Eut, for all this, thou shalt have as many
dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in
a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward
my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sor-
row,

Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;

Stay here. [Exit.]

Gent. Made you no more offence than what
you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a
train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no labouring in the winter.
All that follow their noses are led by their
eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose
among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-
ing. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel
runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with
following it; but the great one that goes up
the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise
man gives thee better counsel, give me mine
again: I would have none but knaves follow
it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for
gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary? They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off! Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the duke; How unremoveable and fix'd he is In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? Why Gloster, Gloster, I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will, To take the indisposed and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore *[Looking on KENT.]*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me, That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth: Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum, Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. *[Exit.]*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i'the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd the hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! *[KENT is set at liberty.]*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress.—O, are you free?

[To KENT.]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe, Of how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,

You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old:

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine: you should be ruled, and led

By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray

you, That to our sister you do make return;

Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,

[Kneeling.]

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and

food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me: struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—

All the stored vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your

blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce,

but thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better knowst
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
[*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i'the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's; this approves her
letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady
come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? *Regan*, I
have good hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here?
O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!—

Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—

[*To GONERIL.*]

O, *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have
I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o'the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless
took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension
beg

To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

[*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me
mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter;

Or rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy
leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with *Regan*,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty fol-
lowers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in
one house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from
mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they
chanced to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deposi-
taries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, *Regan*? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well favor'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the
worst,

Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with
thee: [To GONERIL.]

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What heed one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest
 beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
 wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for
 true need,—
 You heavens, give me that patience, patience
 I need!
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural
 hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they
 shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:—
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!
 [Exit LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, & Fool.
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
 [Storm heard at a distance.
Reg. This house
 Is little; the old man and his people cannot
 Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
 Himself from rest, and must needs taste his
 folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him
 gladly,
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
 Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is
 return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
 whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads
 himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
 stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the
 bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries, that they themselves procure,
 Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your
 doors;

He is attended with a desperate train;
 And what they may incense him to, being apt
 To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord: 'tis a
 wild night;

My Regan counsels well; come out o'the storm.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Light-
 ning.

Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
 unquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change or cease: tears his
 white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
 Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
 The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
 couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
 And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labors to out-
 jest

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
 And dare upon the warrant of my art,
 Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
 Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
 wall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great
 stars

Throned and set high?) servants, who seem
 no less;

Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings,—

But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far

To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to 'plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no
more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than
all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which
your pain
That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath.*
Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germinens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy water in a dry
house is better than this rain-water out o'door.
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's bless-
ing! Here's a night pities neither wise men
nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire!
spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daugh-
ters;

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head
in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece, that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.*

*The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she
made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all pa-
tience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece;
that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas! sir, are you here? things that
love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful
skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature can-
not carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life!—Close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest;

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn,—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art
cold?

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my
fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come,
your hovel,

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh ho, the wind and the
rain,—*

*Must make content with his for-
tunes fit;*

For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR & KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors:
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i'the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build:—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too:—

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou thinkst 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. 'Thoud'st shun a bear:

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in;
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons, such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me;—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set

ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[Storm continues.]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says sum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

[Storm continues.]

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: Accommodated man is no more but such a

poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come, unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

*Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,*

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands; Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord.

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—

Thou sayst the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself; I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,— No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him; I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words; Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum, I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl

of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer:—

[*To EDGAR,* Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]

Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

[*To EDGAR,* And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

[*To the Fool,* Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,

Sit you too. [*To KENT.*]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her, there?

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
 That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
 'They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
 Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
 Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail;

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire! but let them be changed. [*To EDGAR.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper 't'he morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't, And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i'the mind;

Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee. What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!

Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter;—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

Hot questrists after him, met him at the gate;

Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where
they boast
To have well-arm'd friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell. Go, seek the
traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there?
The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor.

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am
none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou
shalt find— [*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor.

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favors
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late
from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the
truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you
with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the
lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charged at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first
answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must
stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce
sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd
up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old
heart,

He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern
time,

Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn
the key;*

All cruels else subscribed:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows,
hold the chair:

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his Chair,
while CORNWALL plucks out one of
his Eyes, and sets his Foot on it.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help: O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other
too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have served you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you,

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel; What do you
mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, & runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the
chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORN. is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword. [*To another Serv.*]
A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind, and
stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have
one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out,
vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other Eye, and
throws it on the Ground.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless. Where's
my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou callst on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abused.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let
him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How
look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt:—Follow me,
lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this
slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[Exit CORN. led by REGAN;—Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish
madness

Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and
whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven
help him! [Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be con-
temn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear;

The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the
worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes
here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate
thee,

Life would not yield to age.

Old M. O, my good lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore
years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be
gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old M. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no
eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!

Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I'd eyes again?

Old M. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say,
I am at the worst!

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old M. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet;
The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old M. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old M. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could
not beg.

I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have
heard more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [Aside.]—Bless
thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old M. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, prithee, get thee gone: If, for
my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I'the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old M. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old M. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I
have,

Come on't what will. [Exit.]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow!

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold—I cannot daub it
further. [Aside.]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowst thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and
foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of
his good wits: Bless the good man from the
foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom
at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*,
prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*,
of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping
and mowing; who since possesses chamber-
maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee,
master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes; that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so
still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power
quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou
know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's
Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward
meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband

Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so
changed;

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's trea-
chery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant
to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[To EDMUND.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on
the way,

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my
brother:

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long, you are like
to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare
speech; [Giving a favor.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[Exit EDMUND.

O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[Exit Steward.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face—I fear your disposition;
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile:

Filths savor but themselves. What have you
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would
lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bearest a cheek for blows, a head for
wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; that not knowst,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's
thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless
land;

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,
for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones;—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Corn-
wall's dead,

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him
dead:

But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer.
[*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take
his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their
punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the
king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither,
friend;

Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The French Camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of;
which

Imports to the kingdom so much fear and
danger,

That his personal return was most required,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur
le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to
any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to
know

What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
sorrow

Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once, or twice, she heaved the
name of father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies!*
sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! What? i'the storm?
i'the night?

Let pity not be believed!—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear is
i'the town;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him;
his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]

What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth,

Phy. There is means, madam :
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news ;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation
stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay
with us;

The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;

My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?
might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her
husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,

She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking
looks

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her
bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I
know it:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
'Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I
would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. The Country near Dover.

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a
Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how
we labor.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow im-
perfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speakest
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing
am I changed,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful

trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight: The murmuring
surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high;—I'll look no more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now
within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and
gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now, fare you well, good sir.

[*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he
thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speakst;
art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn;
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some com-
fort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up: So;—How is't? Feel you your legs?
You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his
eyes
Weretwo full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and waved like the enridged
sea;

It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy
father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honors

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll
bear

Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you
speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But
who comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with
Flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.
There's your press-money. That fellow handles
his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clo-
thier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace,
peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do't.
There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.
Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird!
i'the clout, i'the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril! with a white beard!—
They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I
had white hairs in my beard, ere the black
ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every
thing I said.—*Ay* and *no* too was no good
divinity. When the rain came to wet me
once, and the wind to make me chatter; when
the thunder would not peace at my bidding;
there I found them, there I smelt them out.
Go to, they are not men o'their words: they
told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie; I am
not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well
remember:

Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life; what was thy cause?—
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon simpering dame

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above;
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's: there's hell, there's
darkness,

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination: there's money for
thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-
tality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
world

Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know
me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst,
blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not
see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No
eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?
Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a
light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how
this world goes, with no eyes. Look with
thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon'
simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change
places; and, handy-dandy, which is the jus-
tice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a far-
mer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
There thou mightst behold the great image of
authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer
hangs the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able
'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,
now, now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes,
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou knowst, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee;
mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
are come

To this great stage of fools:—This a good block?
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him,—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransome. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom:
What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that!

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,
sa. [*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch,

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle to-
ward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one
hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot, the main
descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special
cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by for-
tune's blows:

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy
traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther
'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd
out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as
'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the
old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try
whether your costard or my bat be the harder:
Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no
matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain,
take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about
me,

To Edmund, earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he
speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead: I am only
sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be re-
membered. You have many opportunities
to cut him off: if your will want not, time
and place will be fruitfully offered. There
is nothing done, if he return the conqueror:
Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my
gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deli-
ver me, and supply the place for your labor.*

*Your wife, (so I would say,) and your
affectionate servant,*

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the
sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.*]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my
griefs;

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A Tent in the French Camp.*
*LEAR, on a Bed, asleep: Physician, Gen-
tleman, and others, attending.*

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too
short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'er-
paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser
hours;

I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How
does the king? [*To the Physician.*]

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his
sleep,

We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do
awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the
music there.

Cor. O, my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips: and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor
father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to
him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares
your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out
o'the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did
you die?

Cor. Still, still far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone
awhile.

Lear. Where have I been?—Where am I?—
Fair day-light?

I am mightily abused.—I should even die with
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me;—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind:
Methinks, I should know you, and know this
man:

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the
great rage,

You see, is cured in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and
foolish. [*Exeunt LEAR, CORD. Physi-*
cian, & Attendants.

Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the king-
dom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces
near Dover.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, EDMUND,
REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose
hold;

Or, whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant plea-
sure. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honor'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord, Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister

Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,

With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go
with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I
will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man
so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL,
Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this
letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I
seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook
thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your
powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces,

By diligent discovery:—but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive; To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being
done,

Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and
Colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces;
and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit EDG.*

*Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter
EDGAR.*

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand,
away;

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even
here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colors,
EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Pri-
soners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away; good
guard;

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the
worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's
frown.

Shall we not see these daughters, and these
sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's
out;—

And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from
heaven,

And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The gougiers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them
starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and COR. guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*Giving a Paper.*] go,
follow them to prison:

One step I have advanced thee: if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employ-
ment

Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou
hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the cap-
tives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent
the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear

Where you shall hold your session. At this
time,

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend:

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness:—

The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should hus-
band you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

From a full flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me, the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [*To EDMUND.*]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason: Edmund, I
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to GON.*]—for
your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she, is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trum-
pet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a Glove.*]
I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing
down a Glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have, in my name,
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within
the lists of the army, will maintain upon
Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he
is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the
third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in
his defence.*

Edm. Sound.

[*1 Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[*2 Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[*3 Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

*Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a
Trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund
earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What sayst thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and emi-
nence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are
bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets,
speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to
answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own
evil:—

No tearing, lady: I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL.*

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern
her. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charged me with, that
have I done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it
out;

'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us;
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophecy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your
father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord—List a brief
tale;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweet-
ness!

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
 Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
 Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
 That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost; became his
 guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from
 despair;
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and, from first to last,
 Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
 (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
 And shall, perchance, do good: but speak
 you on;

You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow, but another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man,
 Who having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven: threw him on my father;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear received: which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet
 sounded,

And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in
 disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody
 Knife.*

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her
 sister

By her is poison'd: she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
 Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
 dead!—

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
 tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
 Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;
 Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
 Cordelia?—

Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are
 brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
 The one the other poison'd for my sake,
 And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life.—Some good I mean
 to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
 Be brief in it,—to the castle, for my writ

Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?
 send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
 Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edg.*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
 and me,

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
 To lay the blame upon her own despair,
 That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
 awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his
 arms; EDGAR, Officers, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
 men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is
 gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
 She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
 It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
 That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors,
 all!

I might have saved her; now she's gone for
 ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou sayst?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting
faulchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are
you?

Mine eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and
hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant
Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and
rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and
decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your
rights; [*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honors
Have more than merited:—All friends shall
taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,
no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come
no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this?—Look on her,—look,—her
lips,—

Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!
he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so
long:

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present
business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain,
[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are
young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

KING JOHN.

Persons represented.

King JOHN.

Prince HENRY, his son, afterwards King Henry III.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex, chief justiciary of England.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, Earl of Salisbury.

ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the King.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

Cardinal PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.

MELUN, a French lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and niece to King John.

Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene,—sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.—

An honorable conduct let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—[*Exit Sher.*]
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,

That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honor, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whe'r I be as true-begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this son like him;—
O, old sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;

With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,

Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,

To treat of high affairs touching that time:

The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)

When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me; and took it, on his death,

That this, my mother's son, was none of his;

And, if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;

Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And, if she did play false, the fault was her's;

Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,

Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf bred from his cow, from all the world;

In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him: nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes,—

My mother's son did get your father's heir,

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,

To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,

And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,

Would I might never stir from off this place,

I'd give it every foot to have this face;

I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;

Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me
thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters
way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name
whose form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give
me your hand;

My father gave me honor, your's gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:
What though?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou
thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must
speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come
to thee!

For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.

[*Ereunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honor better than I was;

But many a foot of land the worse.

Well, now I can make any Joan a lady:—

*Good den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fel-
low;—*

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honor doth forget men's names;

'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversion. Now your traveller,—

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;

And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise

My picked man of countries:—*My dear sir,*

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)

I shall beseech you—That is question now;

And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—

O sir, says answer, *at your best command;*

At your employment; at your service, sir:—

No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours:*

And, so, ere answer knows what question
would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And talking of the Alps and Appenines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)

It draws towards supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation:

(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES
GURNEY.*

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he?

That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's
son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unre-
verend boy,

Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at sir
Robert?

He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave
awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good
mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy bro-
ther too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
honor?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward
knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basi-
lisco-like:

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
bridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was
thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduced

To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force,
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's
hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not
well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me
begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance, hither is he come,
To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome
hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee
right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring
tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,
Eventill that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him
strength,

To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that
lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work; our cannon
shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's
blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with
blood:

My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war:
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceased:
And all the unsettled humors of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their
backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums

[*Drums beat.*]
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then, we are prepared.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, thereto live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armor here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;

Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy,
he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth;

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady: pause, or be more tem-
perate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the
walls.*

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the
walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angier's, Arthur's
subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore,
hear us first.—

These flags of France that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamage:—
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, these sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened
cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labor'd spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harborage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to
us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your
town,

Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all un-
bruised,

We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your
town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in
peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls,
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbor'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's
subjects;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and
let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not: but he that proves
the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the
world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England
prove the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's
breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods
as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his
claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is
worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all
those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers!
to arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swung the dragon,
and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [*To AUSTRIA*] with your
lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where
we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the
field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To LEWIS*] and at
the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our
right! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat.

*Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to
the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide
your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding
ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolored earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth ap-
proach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-
bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France:
Our colors do return in those same hands
That did display them, when we first march'd
forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might
behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality,

By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have an-
swer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power
confronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so
even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his
power; ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bas-
tard; at the other, King PHILIP, LEWIS,
AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood
to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one
drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with
steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
your king?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know
the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death,
Your royal presences be ruled by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawl'd
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colors once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favor she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our
powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish
town,—

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will our's, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the
ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you
assault?

K. John. We from the west will send
destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I, from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to
south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's month:

[*Aside.*
I'll stir them to't: Come, away, away!

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a
while to stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-faced
league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field;
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favor; we are
bent to hear.

1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Blanch,

Is near to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams
made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates: for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion: no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks,
and seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while
their souls

Are capable of this ambition:
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
forward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the dauphin there, thy
princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieged)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What sayst thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never loved myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should
be your judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine, Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes,
close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assured,
That I did so, when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;

For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whose armor conscience buckled
on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids,—

Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of
that;

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity;—

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:

And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honorable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,

When his fair angels would salute my palm:
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say—there is no sin, but to be rich;

And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee!
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, & SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear
a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be
friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those
provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears:
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but
jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them
false,

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this
sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art
thou?

France friend with England! what becomes
of me?—

Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady,
done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content,
wert grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightly stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending
marks,

I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on
France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go
with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.]

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS,
BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and
Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this
blessed day,

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—
[Rising.]

What hath this day deserved? what hath it
done;

That it in golden letters should be set,

Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd,
and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace.
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak these words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven:—

To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of
England,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope: all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;

And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Lookst thou pale, France? do not let
go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France
repent,

And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those re-
creant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
wrongs,

Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what sayst thou to the
cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the car-
dinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O, Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts
thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from
her faith,

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith
mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and answers
not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer
well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in
doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what
to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my
person yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-

stain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did
paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:—

And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm;

Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cased lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my
faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to
faith;

And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-
form'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!

What since thou swore'st, is sworn against
thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools
fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion;

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
swear'st;

And makest an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure

To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn:

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost
swear.

Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against those giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,

The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd
men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish
drums,—

Clamors of hell,—be measures to our pomp?

O, husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new

Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard by kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: What
motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds,

His honor: O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll
fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair
day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune
lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives,
there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance to-
gether. [*Exit Bastard.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and
thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—

To arms let's hie. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard,
with AUSTRIA'S Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows
wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie
there:

While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip,
make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not:

But on, my liege: for very little pains

Will bring this labor to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter
King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bas-
tard, HUBERT, and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall
stay behind, [*To ELINOR.*]

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[*To ARTHUR.*]

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with
grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*To the Bastard.*] away for
England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots: angels imprisoned

Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive
me back;

When gold and silver becks me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy,)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman: hark, a
word. [*She takes ARTHUR aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O, my
gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gayds,

To give me audience:—If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes;)

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think, thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way;

And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,

He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.—Madam, fare you well:

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he forfeited:

So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Both want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones;

And put my eye balls in thy vaulty brows;

And ring these fingers with thy household worms;

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smilest,

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,

O, come to me!

K. Phi. O, fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world;

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;

I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were!

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:

O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses; O, what love
I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. John. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will
I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
*O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!*

But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven;

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male
child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of
grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of
your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.

[*Exit.*]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
her.

[*Exit.*]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make
me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
taste,
That it yields naught, but shame, and bitter-
ness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you
have.

No, no; when fortune means to men most
good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange, to think how much king John
hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved, that Arthur is his pri-
soner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your
blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore,
mark.

John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's
veins,

The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Ar-
thur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanche
your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in
this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with
with you:

For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have named!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions:
Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you:
look to't.— [Exeunt Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not: And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will besudden, and dispatch. [Aside.]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [Shewing a paper.]

How now, foolish rheum! [Aside.]
Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your
grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine
eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
tears,

And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd
iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue, but
Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [Stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my
eyes are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

I Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [Exeunt Attendants.]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert:

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while

You were disguised.

VOL. II.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about:
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness

To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;

And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)

I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it beso; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody
deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Doth show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past
cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death
he was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn
brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this
isle,

Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in
France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never
such a power

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence
been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's
tongue

I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful oc-
casion!

O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of
France,

That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the
world

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was
amaz'd

Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.

But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding
rhymes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore
didst thou so;

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall
out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison
him;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return.

For I must use thee.—O my gentle consin,
[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths
are full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better
foot before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me
speed. [Exit.

K. John. Spoke like a spritful noble gen-
tleman.—

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were
seen to-night:

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their
mouths:

And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads,

And whisper one another in the ear;

And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's
wrist;

Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me
with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty
cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill
him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you
not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be at-
tended

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:

And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law: to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it
frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what
I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:

But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding the fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,
or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears
in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile
to name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies.
I'll make a peace between your soul and you,
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee
to the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap
down:—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me
quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones,—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
bones!

[*Dies.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at said Ed-
mund's-Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the
cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distem-
per'd lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence
straight.

Sal. The king hath disposess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it
walks:

Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I
think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, rea-
son now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*]

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done.
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a
grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have
you beheld,

Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this
object,

Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in
this:

And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
'Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm
thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seek-
ing you:

Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his Sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up
again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand
back, I say;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so:
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks
false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away, with me, all you, whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out. *[Exeunt Lords.]*

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach

Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be

A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou
drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up. —

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me!

I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—

I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way

Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—

How easy dost thou take all England up!

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right, and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven: and England now is left

To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth

The unowed interest of proud swelling state.

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,

And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:

Now powers from home, and discontents at home,

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits

(As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,) *[Exeunt.]*

The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,

And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,

And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH, with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again

[Giving JOHN the Crown.]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience;

Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour

Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this

tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:

But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their
arms. [Exit.]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not
the prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there
holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me
again,

After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into
the streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en
away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he
did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble
there?

O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your
peace;

Or, if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this
present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet,
I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN,
PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st re-
move!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might com-
bine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand
as deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this:—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will
not back:

I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?

No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this
work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified.
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the
world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak;—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as your answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English
king;

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at
your door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother, England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy
face in peace;

We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten,
will cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at
hand

(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this
danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
not doubt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O,
tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me
so long,

Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-
conbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to
the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great
supply,

That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the same.

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and
Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with
friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath
left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other
names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought
and sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my
view,

Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolved from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now de-
ceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night,—whose black contagious
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love o' him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-
look'd,

And calmly run on in obedience.
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New
flight:

And happy newness, that intends old right.
[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.]

SCENE V. *The same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was
loath to set;

But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their
own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here;—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought;
I will upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue
so well:

What art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eye-
less night,
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, par-
don me,

That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow
of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are
all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwell-
ing-house,)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and
holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the or-
chard here.—
Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last
hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,

Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you
are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring
in King JOHN in a Chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now, my soul hath
elbow-room ;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment ; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare ;—dead, forsook,
cast off ;
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask
you much,

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in
my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent
motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set
mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should
sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall an-
swer him :

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as
dead an ear.—
My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now
thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even
so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what
stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Bast. Art thou gone so ! I do but stay be-
hind,

To do the office for thee of revenge ;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,

Where be your powers ? Show now your
mended faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought ;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much
as we :

The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin ;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :

With whom, yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so :—And you, my noble
prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be
interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land !

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would
give you thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful
woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, (nor never shall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them : Nought shall make
us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Ereunt.*]

KING RICHARD II.

Persons represented.

King RICHARD the SECOND.

EDMUND of Langley, Duke of York;
JOHN of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster;

HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King HENRY IV.

Duke of AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of SURREY.

Earl of SALISBURY. Earl BERKLEY.

BUSHY,
BAGOT,
GREEN, } creatures to King RICHARD.

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND:

HENRY PERCY, his son.

Lord ROSS. Lord WILLOUGHBY. Lord FITZWATER.

Bishop of CARLISLE. Abbot of WESTMINSTER.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

Sir PIERCE of Exton. Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of GLOSTER.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene, dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.

King Richard. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence;
face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear the accuser and the accused, freely speak:—

[Exit some Attendants.]

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record of my speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live:
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty.

And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high-blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:

If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth your cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head
and spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soul through streams
of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes
and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)

Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it: and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun:
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become
my age:

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's
gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid;
there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at
thy foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my
shame:

The one my duty owes: but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd
spear;

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood;
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopardstame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots: take
but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage;
do you begin.

Boling. O God, defend my soul from such
foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard! Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble
wrong,

Or sound so base a parole, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour even in Mow-
bray's face. [Exit GAUNT.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to
command:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends;
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.]

VOL. II.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of LAN-
CASTER'S Palace.

Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's
blood

Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life,
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one
root:

Some of those seven are dried by nature's
course,

Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my
Gloster,—

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
faded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that
womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd
thee,

Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts:

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for hea-
ven's substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrong-
fully,

Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain
myself?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion
and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old
Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:

M

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's
spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's
back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's
wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:

As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so:

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what cheer there for welcome, but my
groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come
there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry.

*Lists set out, and a Throne, Herald, &c.
attending.*

Enter the Lord MARSHAL, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points: and longs to
enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's
trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are pre-
par'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder cham-
pion

The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say
who thou art,

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in
arms:

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
quarrel:

Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk;

Who hither come, engaged by my oath,
(Which heaven defend, a knight should vio-
late!)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,

Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:

And as I truly fight, defend me, heaven!
[*He takes his seat.*]

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE,
in armour; preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in
arms,

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;

And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore
com'st thou hither,

Before King Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou; and what's thy

quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee
heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's

valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so
bold,

Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers

Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my

sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:

For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your
highness,

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his
leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him
in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which, if to-day thou
shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear;
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [*To Lord Marshal.*] I take
my leave of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing
breath.—

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[*To GAUNT.*]

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make
thee prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and
live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and Saint George
to thrive! [*He takes his seat.*]

Nor. [*Rising.*] However heaven, or for-
tune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's
throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion
peers,—

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to
their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in
hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go, bear this lance [*To an Officer*] to
Thomas Duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,
duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward,
combatants. [*A charge sounded.*]

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and
their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets
sound,

While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*]

Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*]

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be
soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'
swords;

[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's
cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd
drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful
bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's
blood;—

Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my
comfort be,—

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine
on me;

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a hea-
vier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
 The language I have learn'd these forty-years,
 My native English, now I must forego:
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol or a harp:
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my
 tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now;
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless
 death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native
 breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compas-
 sionate;

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my coun-
 try's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath
 with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
 (Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
 To keep the oath that we administer:—
 You never shall (so help you truth and
 heaven!

Embrace each other's love in banishment;
 Nor never look upon each other's face;
 Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
 Nor never by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy;—
 By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were
 traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do
 know;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
 Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[Exit.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of
 thine eyes

I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years
 Pluck'd four away;—six frozen winters spent,
 Return [To *BOLING.*] with welcome home
 from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
 word!

Four lagging winters, and four wanton
 springs,

End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of
 me,

He shortens four years of my son's exile:

But little 'vantage shall I reap thereby;

For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
 Can change their moons, and bring their times
 about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
 Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many
 years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou
 canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
 morrow:

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Thy word is current with him for my death;

But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good
 advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave;

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in
 digestion sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
 You would have bid me argue like a father:—
 O had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooth his fault I should have been more
 mild:

A partial slander sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,

I was too strict, to make mine own away;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,

Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle,
 bid him so;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. *Exeunt K. RICHARD and
 Train.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must
 not know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I: for I will
 ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side:

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard
 thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of
 you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee;

But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:

Suppose the singing birds, musicians;

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more

Than a delightful measure, or a dance:

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow,

By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

O, no! the apprehension of the good,

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,

Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; AUMERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle, How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,

But to the next high way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none by me: except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces, Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief, That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd hours,

And added years to his short banishment,

He should have had a volume of farewells;

But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,

Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,

And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;

A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—

Expedient manage must be made, my liege; Ere further leisure yield them further means,

For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.

And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants;

For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
my lord;

Suddenly taken: and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT on a Couch; the Duke of YORK, and Others standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain:

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:

Tho' Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As, praises of his state: then, there are found

Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after, in base imitation,
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,

(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,) That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;

And thus, expiring, do foretel of him:

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last:

For violent fires soon burn out themselves:

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,

Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world!

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,) Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;

That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:

O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, and Queen; AU-

MERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old: Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast; And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt? For sleeping England long time have I watch'd; Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt: The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon, Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks; And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt: Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave, Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill. Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land. Wherein thou liest in reputation sick: And thou, too careless patient as thou art, Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure Of those physicians that first wounded thee: A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, Whose compass is no bigger than thy head; And yet, incaged in so small a verge, The waste is no whit lesser than thy land; O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye, Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons, From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd, Which art possess'd now to depose thyself. Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world, It were a shame to let this land by lease: But, for thy world, enjoying but this land, Is it not more than shame, to shame it so? Landlord of England art thou now, not king: Thy state of law is bondslave to the law; And thou—

K. Rich. —a lunatic lean-witted fool, Presuming on an ague's privilege, Dar'st with thy frozen admonition Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood, With fury, from his native residence. Now by my seat's right royal majesty, Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son, This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,

Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son; That blood already, like the pelican, Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd: My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul, (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)

May be a precedent and witness good, That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood; Join with the present sickness that I have, And thy unkindness be like crooked age, To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower. Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—

These words hereafter thy tormentors be— Convey me to my bed, then to my grave: Love they to live, that love and honour have. *[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.]*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave. *York.* 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words

To wayward sickness and age in him: He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his:

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said: His tongue is now a stringless instrument; Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so! Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be: So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars: We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;

Which live like venom, where no venom else, But only they, hath privilege to live. And for these great affairs do ask some charge, Towards our assistance, we do seize to us The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables, Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong? Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment, Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage, nor my own disgrace, Have ever made me sour my patient cheek, Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.— I am the last of noble Edward's sons,

Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
time

His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patent that he hath
By his attornies general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize
into our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege,
farewell:

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wilt-
shire straight;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, BUSHY,
AUMERLE, GREEN, and BAGOT.]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster
is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is
duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her
right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break
with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him
ne'er speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the
duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such
wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate against any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with
grievous taxes,

And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd:
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for war'd
he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm
in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a
broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth
over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,

But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman; most degene-
rate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must
suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow
eyes of death,

I spy life peering; but I dare not say

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as
thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumber-
land:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be

bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le
Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quoint,—

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,

With eight tallships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad;

You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail:

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not;
more's not seen:

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,

I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought, I think,—

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd

From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—

The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

And all the rest of the revolting faction, Traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me? I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
 Comfort's in heaven : and we are on the earth,
 Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
 Your husband he is gone to save far off,
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
 Here am I left to underprop his land ;
 Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :—
 Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why so!—go all which way it will:—

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
 And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,

Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster ;
 Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :—
 Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :

To-day, as I came by, I called there ;
 But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
 I know not what to do :—I would to God,
 (So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
 The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—

What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
 How shall we do for money for these wars?—
 Come, sister,—cousin, I would say : pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home,
 provide some carts,
 And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? if I know
 How, or which way, to order these affairs,
 Thus thrust disorderly, into my hands,
 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen ;—
 The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend ; the other again,
 Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd ;
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you :—Go, muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
 I should to Plashy too!—

But time will not permit :—All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to
 Ireland,
 But none returns. For us to levy power,
 Proportionable to the enemy,
 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides our nearness to the king in
 love,
 near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons :
 for their love

Lies in their purses ; and whoso empties them,
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally
 condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
 Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to
 Bristol castle ;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you : for little
 office

The hateful commons will perform for us ;
 Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
 Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No ; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
 Farewell : if heart's presages be not vain,
 We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back
 Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he un-
 dertakes

Is—numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
 Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once ; for once, for all,
 and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBER-
 LAND, with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley
 now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
 I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
 These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
 Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :
 And yet your fair discourse has been as sugar,
 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
 But, I bethink me, what a weary way
 From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
 In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your com-
 pany ;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
 The tediousness and process of my travel :
 But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
 The present benefit which I possess :
 And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
 Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short ; as mine
 hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
 Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
 Sent from my brother Worcester, whence-
 soever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have
 learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake
together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle! *[Kneels.]*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why;—Why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;

On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—

In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he had been thus trod
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him
right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are
made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
this,—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his
coming is

But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these
arms;

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.

But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but
yet I'll pause;

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past
care. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.

Capt. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid
ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty
Welshman;

The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will
not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and
leap—

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [Exit.]

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy
mind,

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament I
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes:
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBER-
LAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Offi-
cers behind with BUSHY and GREEN, pri-
soners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your
bodies,)

With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,

By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.

You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,

Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This, and much more, much more than twice
all this,

Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,

Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd. [*Exeunt NORTH. and*

Others, with Prisoners.

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;

For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:

Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away:

To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, AU-MERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,

After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous

sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

VOL. II.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that Power,
that made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—

Shall see us rising in our throne the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day.

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed king:

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,

Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,

Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And, till so much blood thither come again,

N

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide
my liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart
prepar'd;

The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his
day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is
so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their
shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than
steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hair-
less scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's
voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a
tale so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Boling-
broke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him,
indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd with-
out redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting
my heart!

Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than
Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his
property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands: those whom
you curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying
wound,

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of
Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost
their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with
his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no
man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own, but death;

And that small model of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in
war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping
kill'd;

All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court: and there the antick
sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—

As if this flesh, which walls about our life,

Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little pin

Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell
king!

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and
blood

With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while:

I live with bread like you, feel want, taste
grief,

Need friends:—Subjected thus,

How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their
present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail,

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;

And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[To AUMERLE.]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? What comfort have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge; and let them go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none:—Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers, let them hence;—

Away,

From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,

To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,

When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,

Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,

Would you have been so brief with him, he would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,

Lest you mis-take: the heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king; king Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To NORTH.]

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of
parle

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's
hand;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person: hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,

And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of
blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the
Castle, with a Trumpet.]

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning
drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parte sounded, and answered by another
Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on
the walls King RICHARD, the Bishop of
Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALIS-
BURY.*

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself
appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long
have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think, that all, as you have
done,

Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,

Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord
the king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms

Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,

That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,

Currents that spring from one most gracious
head;

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;

And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediately on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say—thus the
king returns;

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[To AUMERLE.]
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with
gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their help-
ful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this
tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee
scope to beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from
Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now?
Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

The king shall be contented: Must he lose

The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:

I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;

My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;

My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown:

My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood:

My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff:

My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;

And my large kingdom for a little grave,

A little little grave, an obscure grave:—

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,

Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;

And, buried once, why not upon my head?—

Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted
cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?

As thus :—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weep-
ing eyes?

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth
attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come
down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glis-
tering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*
In the base court? Base court, where kings
grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
should sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter K. RICH. and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your
princely knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*]
although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for
mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am
yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted
lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well
deserve to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in
this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in
delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in
grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat:

And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st
thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do
you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping
do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change; Woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apri-
cocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of
a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

I Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! What
pity is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:

Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

I Serv. What think you then, the king shall
be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's
likeness,

[*Coming from her concealment.*

Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing
news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou
wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself.
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light
of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Boling-
broke?—

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never
grow. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,

I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall.

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the
Throne; the Lords temporal on the left;
the Commons below. Enter BOLING-
BROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUM-
BERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another
Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of West-
minster, and Attendants. Officers behind,
with BAGOT.*

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who per-
form'd

The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord
Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon
that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your
daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was
plotted,

I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court*

As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell; I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base,
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take
it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the
best

In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou
stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see
that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were
this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell
for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is
as true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I take the earth to the like, forsworn
Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll
throw at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember
well

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in pre-
sence then;

And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven it-
self is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly doth thou spur a forward
horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with
a gage,

That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest un-
der gage,

Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again

To all his land and signories; when he's re-
turn'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be
seen.—

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul
to the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to
thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with will-
ing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence, may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:

And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind con-
found;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall there inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,

It will the woofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—
woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for
your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the com-
mons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in com-
mon view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that are here under our
arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of an-
swer:—

Little are we beholden to your love,
[*To CARLISLE.*
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and
Officers, bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thou-
sand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good
will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cou-
sin, seize the crown;
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on
high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to
resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my
griefs are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me
with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck
my cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they
stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the
crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must no-
thing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing
griev'd;

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a Paper.*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.—

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop.
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
heaven:—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your
hands,

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these
articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I
cannot see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,

To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the front,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)

And if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself,

Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich.

Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee,
king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then begone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king;

For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go?

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[Exeunt *K. RICHARD*, some *Lords*, and a *Guard*.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[Exeunt all but the *Abbot*, *Bishop of Carlisle*, and *AUMERLE*.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love
tears.—

Ah, thou the model, where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's
tomb,

And not king Richard; thou most beauteous
inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in
thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest;

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman,
do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,

To think our former state a happy dream;

From which awak'd, the truth of what we are

Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim necessity; and he and I

Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to
France,

And cloister thee in some religious house:

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken
down.

Queen. What is my Richard both in shape
and mind

Transform'd and weakened? Hath Boling-
broke

Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy
heart?

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,

Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;

And fawn on rage with base humility,

Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught
but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence
for France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou
tak'st,

As from my death-bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire

With good old folks, and let them tell thee
tales

Of woeful ages, long ago betid:

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

For why, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,

And, in compassion, weep the fire out:

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-
black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke
is chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder
wherewithal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my
throne,—

The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm and give thee half,

It is too little, helping him to all;

And he shall think, that thou, which know'st
the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,

Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way

To pluck him headlong from the usurped
throne,

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;

That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,

To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
an end.

Take leave and part; for you must part forth-
with.

K. Rich. Doubly divorce'd!—Bad men, ye
violate

A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:

And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—

Part us, Northumberland: I towards the
north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the
clime;

My wife to France; from whence, set forth in
pomp,

She came adorned hither, like sweet May;

Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we
part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love,
and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king
with me.

North. That were some love, but little
policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let
me go?

K. Rich. So two together weeping make
one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off, than—near, be near the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with
groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the long-
est moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly
part,

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere
no good part

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy,
thou art amaz'd:

Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.

[To the Servant.]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that
mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

[Exit.]

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon
his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY
and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I
saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto
the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a
glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet,
through both

I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech
your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us
here alone.—

[Exeunt PERCY and Lords:]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the
earth,

[Kneels.]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this
fault?

If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn
the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

[AUMERLE locks the door.]

York. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to
thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe,

[Drawing.]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;

Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure,
fool-hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy pro-
mise past:

I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set
it down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:

Fear, and not love begets his penitence:

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold con-
spiracy!—

O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy passages,

Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;

And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king: 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound

This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me gentle liege. [*Kneels*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denie;

We pray with heart and soul and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;

But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy*.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That set'st the word itself against the word!—

Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land;

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there;

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—

and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford: or where'er these traitors are:

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friends will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he; he spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Extor. And, speaking it, he wistfully
look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would thou wert the
man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD,

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may
compare

This prison where I live, unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little
world,

In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:

As thus,—*Come, little ones*; then again,—
*It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter them-
selves,—

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like:
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Musick do I hear?

[*Musick.*]

Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet mu-
sick is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the musick of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring
clock:

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs,
they jar

Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my
heart,

Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and
groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the
clock.

This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
For, tho' it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable,
king,

When thou wert king; who travelling to-
wards York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes master's face.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often has bestrid;

That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,
gentle friend.

How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the
ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was
on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clap-
ping him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall
down,

(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the
neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,

Since, thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;

And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer
stay.

[*To the Groom.*]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *[Exit.]*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee?
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. *[Dies.]*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt! O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK,
with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

The manner of their taking may appear

At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. *[Exeunt.]*

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

Persons represented.

King HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the
Prince JOHN of Lancaster, } King.
Earl of WESTMORELAND, } friends to the
Sir WALTER BLUNT, } King.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.
EDWARD MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS. GADSHILL.

PETO. BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister
to Mortimer.

Lady MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower,
and wife to Mortimer.

Mrs. QUICKLY, Hostess of a tavern in East-
cheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamber-
lain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers,
and Attendants.

Scene—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir
WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. So, shaken as we are, so wan with
care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erinnyes of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's
womb,
To chaste these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or shopen of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of
this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my
gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious
friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took

Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad,
and mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think
you, coz'?

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. That is his uncle's teaching, this is
Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HENRY Prince of Wales, & FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What the devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. H. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government: being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

F. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. H. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the

hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascal-lies,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pry thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now, shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-

night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pry thee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latterspring! Farewell, All-hallows summer! [Exit FAL.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to im-mask our noted outward garments.

P. H. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet

at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee ; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit POINS.*]

P.H. I know you all, and will a while uphold The unyok'd humour of your idleness : Yet herein will I imitate the sun ; Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That, when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wondered at, By breaking through the foul and ugly mists Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him. If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work ; But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So, when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I never promised, By how much better than my word I am, By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ; And, like bright metal on a sullen ground, My reformation, glittering o'er my fault, Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes, Than that which hath no foil to set it off. I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ; Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY. NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate, Unapt to stir at these indignities, And you have found me ; for, accordingly, You tread upon my patience : but, be sure, I will from henceforth rather be myself, Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition, Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down, And therefore lost that title of respect, Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves The scourge of greatness to be used on it ; And that same greatness too which our own hands Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger And disobedience in thine eye : O, sir, Your presence is too bold and peremptory, And majesty might never yet endure The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us ; when we need Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit WORCESTER.*]

You were about to speak. [*To NORTH.*]

North. Yea, my good lord. Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took, Were, as he says, not with such strength denied As is deliver'd to your majesty :

Either envy, therefore, or misprision Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners, But, I remember, when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd, Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd, Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home ; He was perfum'd like a milliner : And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held A pouncet box, which ever and anon He gave his nose, and took't away again :— Who, therewith angry, when it next came there, Took it in snuff :—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ; And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly, To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms He question'd me ; among the rest demanded My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold, To be so pestered with a popinjay, Out of my grief and my impatience, Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ; He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet, And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman, Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ; And that it was great pity, so it was, That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;

And, I beseech you, let not his report Come current for an accusation, Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest re-told,

May reasonably die, and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ; But with proviso, and exception,—

That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou
dost belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest
means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt K. HEN. BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay,
and pause awhile;

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your
nephew mad. [To WORCESTER.]

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was
gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransome once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not
proclaim'd,

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

H. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains
starv'd.

But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king,—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king: who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim;
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

H. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
moon;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the
ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of
Wales,—

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and
scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept:
His uncle York;—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive
me!—

Good uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

W. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
Forpowers in Scotland; which,—for divers
reasons,

Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employed,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st
slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot:—

And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd
on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at
once,

(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother:—we shall
thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our
sport!

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pry'thee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gds. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gds. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that i'faith.

Gds. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gds. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gds. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gds. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge, too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gds. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gds. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth: or, rather not pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gds. She will, she will; justice hath li-quored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gds. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gds. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BAR-DOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal : What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

[*Pretends to seek POINS.*]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I escape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues. I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles a foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues: give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. H. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk

lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What? a coward, sir John Paunch.

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, &c. driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Wer't not for laughing I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a Letter.

—But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous*;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink! but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends.—What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month: and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for movingsuch a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

L. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *Courage!*—to the field! And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks, of caupon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight, Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream: And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

S. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne. Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!* Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horse, My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen, As you are toss'd with. In faith, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will. I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir About his title; and hath sent for you, To line his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lad. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me Directly to this question that I ask. In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love? I love thee not, I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world, To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips: We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not, I will not love myself. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate:

I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no farther wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

H. Not an inch further. But hark, you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*]
SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the
Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads,
amongst three or four score hogsheads. I
have sounded the very base string of humility.
Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of draw-
ers; and can call them all by their Christian
names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They
take it already upon their salvation, that,
though I be but prince of Wales; yet I am
the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am
no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian,
a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so
they call me; and when I am king of Eng-
land I shall command all the good lads in
Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dyeing
scarlet: and when you breathe in your water-
ing, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—
To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one
quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any
tinker in his own language during my life. I
tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour,
that thou wert not with me in this action. But,
sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned,
I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped
even now in my hand by an under skinker;
one that never spake other English in his life,
than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—
You are welcome; with this shrill addition,—
*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in
the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive
away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee,
do thou stand in some by-room, while I ques-
tion my puny drawer, to what end he gave
me the sugar; and do thou never leave call-
ing—Francis, that his tale to me may be no-
thing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show
thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.

Exit POINS.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into
the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

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Fran. My lord.

P. H. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fra. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir?

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease
for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis,
darest thou be so valiant, as to play the cow-
ard with thy indenture, and to shew it a fair
pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all
the books in England, I could find in my
heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas
next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little,
my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For
the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a penny-
worth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand
pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou
shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but
to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thurs-
day; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt.
But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,
crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-
stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spa-
nish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is
your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your
white canvass doublet will sully: in Barbary,
sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; dost thou not
hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer
stands amazed, not knowing which
way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st
such a calling? Look to the guests within.
[*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old sir John, with
half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I
let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then
open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the
thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But
hark ye; What cunning match have you made

with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with Wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north: he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*I've upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I prythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou did'st, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! A bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. H. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat punch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it Jack; where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through: my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits, I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell us your reason: What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-backbreaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say it was in fight?

What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou l'vets me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. *[Exit.]*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy

side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good metal in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why, then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now, I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Fal-

staff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*]

[*Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARD.*]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Ont, you rogue! play out the play: I

have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINS.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath followed certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car.

As fat as butter.

P. H. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sh. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. H. I think it is good morrow: Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a

charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Pns. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mor. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—

Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and,
with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth,
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, tho' yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

H. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire,
The earth did tremble.

Hot. O then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement
striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings, Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men,

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better
Welsh:—

I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make
him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to
command

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame
the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the
devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him
hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the
devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of
Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul
weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; shall we di-
vide our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:

England from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :
Within that space, [*To GLEND.*] you may
have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

G. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;

For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours :
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous captle out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

G. Not wind ? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea,
But mark, how he bears his course, and runs
me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench
him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Gl. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;
For I was train'd up in the English court :
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament :
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart ;

I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

H. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may
away to-night :

I'll haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence :
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*]

Mort. Fye, cousin Percy ! how you cross
my father ?

H. I cannot choose : sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies ;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a molten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys : I cried, humph,—and
well,—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tir'd horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable : and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; faith, he does :
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame ;

And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd ; good manners
be your speed !

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mor. This the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps ; she will not
part with you,

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and
my aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in
Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,

One no persuasion can do good upon-

Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.

M. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame, In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*Lady M. speaks.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd, Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down, And rest your gentle head upon her lap, And she will sing the song that pleaseth you, And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep, Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness; Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep, As is the difference betwixt day and night, The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you, Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence; Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and then the Musick plays.

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.

By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh SONG, sung, by *Lady M.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you,

In good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day: And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury. Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth, And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens. Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer, you are as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book's drawn: we'll but seal, and then

To horse immediately.

Mort.

With all my heart,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter K. HENRY, P. of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some conference: But be near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so, For some displeasing service I have done, That in his secret doom, out of my blood He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me; But thou dost, in thy passages of life, Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven, To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else, Could such inordinate, and low desires, Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society, As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to, Accompany the greatness of thy blood, And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse, As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge Myself of many I am charg'd withal: Yet such extenuation let me beg, As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,— Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers, I may, for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faulty wander'd and irregular, Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger brother is supplied; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood:

The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruined; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would say,—*Where? which is Boling-*
broke?

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids
down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ?

Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing
clothes,

This infant warrior in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northum-
berland,

The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas,
Mortimer,

Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dear'st enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not
find it so;

And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleased, I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance;
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. H. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,
herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set
forth to-day;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will
march.

Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which
account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the
Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH,

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me
like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd
like an old apple, John. Well, I'll repent, and
that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I
shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall
have no strength to repent. An I have not
forgotten what the inside of a church is made
of. I am a pepper corn, a brewer's horse:
the inside of a church! Company, villanous
company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you
cannot live long,

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a
bawdy song; make me merry. I was as vir-
tuously given as a gentleman need to be; vir-
tuous enough: swore little; diced not above
seven times a week! went to a bawdy-house,
not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid
money that I borrowed, three or four times;
lived well, and in good compass: and now
I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that
you must needs be out of all compass; out of
all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest
the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of
thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no
arm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn: I make as good
use of it as many a man doth of a death's
head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy
face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives
that lived in purple; for there he is in his
robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any
way given to virtue, I would swear by thy
face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou
art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but
for the light in thy face, the son of utter dark-
ness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the
night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou
hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-
fire, there's no purchase in money. O thou
art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-
light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks
in links and torches, walking with thee in the
night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack
that thou hast drunk me, would have bought
me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chand-
ler's in Europe. I have maintained that sa-
lamander of yours with fire, any time this two
and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in
your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to
be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you in-
quired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think,
sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my
house? I have searched, I have inquired, so
has my husband, man by man, boy by boy,
servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was
never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved
and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my
pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never
called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me,
sir John: I know you, sir John: You owe me
money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel
to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of
shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given
them away to bakers' wives, and they have
made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland
of eight shillings an ell. You owe money
here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-
drinkings, and money lent you, four and
twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What
call you rich? let them coin his nose, let
them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier.
What, will you make a younker of me? shall
I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall
have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-
ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell

him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good, my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing, what thing?

F. What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it! I am an honest man's wife: and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh? a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so? thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. H. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, and I do, I pray God my girdle break:

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.

—You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I

Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.—
 Jack,
 Meet me to-morrow i'the Temple-hall
 At two o'clock i'the afternoon:
 There shalt thou know thy charge; and there
 receive
 Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
 And either they, or we must lower lie.
 [Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.
Fal. Rare words; brave world!—Hostess,
 my breakfast; come:—
 O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum.
 [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hot., WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the Douglas have,
 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.
 By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
 The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
 In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
 Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
 But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
 In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
 Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence,
 He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited;
 His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;
 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
 And that his friends by deputation could not
 So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
 On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
 That with our small conjunction, we should on,
 To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
 Because the king is certainly possess'd
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness samain to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
 And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
 Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states
 All at one cast? to set so rich a main
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
 It were not good; for therein should we read
 The very bottom and the soul of hope:
 The very list, the very utmost bound
 Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
 Where now remains a sweet reversion:
 We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
 Is to come in:
 A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
 If that the devil and mischance look big
 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here,

The quality and hair of our attempt
 Brooks no division: It will be thought
 By some, that know not why he is away,
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;

And think, how such an apprehension
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 And breed a kind of question in our cause:
 For, well you know, we of the offering side
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
 I, rather, of his absence make this use;
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head,
 To push against the kingdom; with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word

Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeons as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuises on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse.
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us make a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry;
fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march
through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

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Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and
if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer
the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me
at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I
a souced gurnet. I have misused the king's
press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a
hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and
odd pounds. I press me none but good house-
holders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out con-
tracted bachelors, such as had been asked
twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm
slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum;
such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than
a struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I pressed
me none but such toasts and butter, with
hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads,
and they have bought out their services; and
now my whole charge consists of ancients, cor-
porals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies,
Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted
cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores:
and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but
discarded unjust-serving men, younger sons to
younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers
trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and
a long peace; ten times more dishonourable
ragged than an old faced ancient: and such
have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have
bought out their services, that you would
think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered
prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping,
from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow
met me on the way, and told me, I had un-
loaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead
bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows.
I'll not march through Coventry with them,
that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide
betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for
indeed, I had the most of them out of prison.
There's but a shirt and a half in all my com-
pany: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked
together, and thrown over the shoulders like
a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt,
to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint
Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry.
But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on
every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P.H. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag?
what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My
good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy;
I thought, your honour had already been at
Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time
that I were there, and you too; but my powers
are there already: The king, I can tell you,
looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant
as a cat to steal cream.

Q

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed ; for thy theft hath already made the butter. But tell me, Jack ; Whose fellows are these that come after ?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ; food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit, as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare ; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that : and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste ; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

West. He is, sir John ; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so ? looks he not for supply ?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd ; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well ; You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas : by my life, (And I dare well maintain it with my life,) If well respected honour bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear, As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives :— Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle, Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, being men of such great leading, That you foresee not what impediments Drag back our expedition : certain horse Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up : Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day, And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated, and brought low ; The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours : For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Bl. I come with gracious offers from the king, If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt ; And 'would to God,

You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well : and even those some Envy your great deserving, and good name ; Because you are not of our quality, But stand against us like an enemy.

Bl. And God defend, but still I should stand so So long as, out of limit, and true rule, You stand against anointed majesty ! But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefs : and whereupon You conjure from the breast of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land Audacious cruelty : If that the king Have any way your good deserts forgot,— Which he confesseth to be manifold,— He bids you name your griefs ; and with all speed, You shall have your desires, with interest ; And pardon absolute for yourself, and these, Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind ; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. My father, and my uncle, and myself, Did give him that same royalty he wears : And,—when he was not six and twenty strong, Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low, A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,— My father gave him welcome to the shore : And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God, He came but to be duke of Lancaster, To sue his livery, and beg his peace ; With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,— My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd, Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too. Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cap and knee ; Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ; Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths, Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him, Even at the heels, in golden multitudes. He presently,—as greatness knows itself,— Steps me a little higher than his vow Made to my father, while his blood was poor, Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh : And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees, That lie too heavy on the commonwealth : Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face, This seeming brow of justice, did he win The hearts of all that he did angle for. Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads Of all the favourites, that the absent king In deputation left behind him here, When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ransome to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence:
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Bl. Shall I return this answer to the king?

H. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

B. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Arch. of YORK, & a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael? bear this sealed
brief,
With winged haste, to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make
haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence,
thence,

(Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage in instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not
fear; there's Douglas,
And Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord
Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king
hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more cor-rivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy.—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael,
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince
JOHN of LANCASTER, Sir WALTER BLUNT,
and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes:
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. H. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. *Enter WORCESTER & VERNON.*
How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet; You have deceiv'd our trust;

And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel;
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege;
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought for it! how
comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

W. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks

Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
 To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head:
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help; what with the absent king;
 What with the injuries of a wanton time;
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand:
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your
 sight,
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety's sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water colours, to impaint his cause;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. H. In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy; By my hopes,—
 This present enterprise set off his head,—
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we
 venture thee,
 Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well: even those we love,
 That are misled upon your cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life;
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to
 his charge;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
 and bestride me, so: 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
 that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

F. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to
 pay him before his day. What need I be so
 forward with him that calls not on me? Well,
 'tis no matter: Honour pricks me on. Yea,
 but how if honour prick me off when I come
 on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No.
 Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a
 wound? No. Honour hath no skill in sur-
 gery then? No. What is honour? A word.
 What is in that word, honour? What is that
 honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath
 it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he
 feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it in-
 sensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it
 not live with the living? No. Why? Detrac-
 tion will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of
 it:—Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends
 my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir
 Richard,
 The liberal, kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
 It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The king should keep his word in loving us;
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults:

Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes :
 For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
 Who, ne'erso tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot.
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
 And an adopted name of privilege,—
 A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS ; and Officers
 and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd :—Deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

D. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

D. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,—
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
 He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
 With haughty arms, this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I
 have thrown

A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it ;
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth
 before the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

H. O, 'would the quarrell lay upon your heads ;
 And that no man might draw short breath to-
 day,

But I, and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
 How show'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
 He gave you all the duties of a man ;
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;
 Making you ever better than his praise,
 By still dispraising praise, valued with you :
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital of himself ;
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd there a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
 There did he pause : But let me tell the world,—
 If he outlive the envy of this day,

England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies ; never did I hear
 Of any prince, so wild, at liberty :
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
 Arm, arm, with speed :—And, fellows, sol-
 diers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
 Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

M. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking ; Only this—
 Let each man do his best : and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now,—Esperance !—Percy !—and set on.—
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace :
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The Trumpets sound. They embrace,
 and Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Plain near Shrewsbury.

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum
 to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and
 BLUNT, meeting.*

Blu. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
 Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas :
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
 bought
 Thy likeness : for, instead of thee, king Harry,
 This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

B. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
 don thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Herè.

H. This Douglas? no, I know this face full well: A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

D. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes! A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

H. The king hath many marching in his coats.

D. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats; I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:

Lord John of Lancaster go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so:—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help;

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WEST.*]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John:

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very king. I have two boys,

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;

And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven; they did me too much injury,

That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;

Which would have been as speedy in your end,

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit King HENRY.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come,

To end the one of us; And 'would to God,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth,

I better brook the loss of brittle life,

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust, And food for—

[*Dies.*]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*]

Fal. [*rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou

embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to

powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow.

'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot

termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too.

Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To

die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the

counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of

a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man

thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the

true and perfect image of life indeed. The

better part of valour is—discretion; in the

which better part, I have sav'd my life.

'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy,

though he be dead: How, if he should counter-

feit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would

prove the better counterfeit. Therefore, I'll

make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him.

Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing

confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.

Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him,*] with a new

wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did: I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double

man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am

I a Jack. There is Percy? [*Throwing the*

body down.] if your father will do me any

honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy

himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I

can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this

world is given to lying!—I grant you I was

down, and out of breath; and so was he: but

we rose both at an instant, and fought a long

hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be be-

lieved, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours. Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field, To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY & Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, bearing off the Body.*]

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.— Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you? And would'st thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl, and many a creature else, Had been alive this hour, If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WOR. and VER. guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest; And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd, That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace, I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomeless, and free: His valour, shown upon our crests to-day, Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds, Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland, Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms: Myself,—and you, son Harry—will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March. Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Persons represented.

<i>King HENRY the FOURTH.</i> <i>HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards King HENRY V.</i> <i>THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,</i> <i>Prince JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards (2 HENRY V.) Duke of Bedford</i> <i>Prince HUMPHREY of Gloster, afterwards (2 HENRY V.) Duke of Gloster,</i> <i>Earl of WARWICK,</i> <i>Earl of WESTMORELAND,</i> <i>GOWER, HARCOURT,</i> <i>Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.</i> <i>A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.</i> <i>Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,</i> <i>SCROOP, Archbishop of YORK,</i> <i>Lord MOWBRAY, Ld. HASTINGS,</i> <i>Ld. BARDOLPH, Sir JOHN COLEVILLE,</i>	}	<i>his sons.</i> <i>of the King's party.</i> <i>enemies to the King.</i>
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TRAVERS and MORTON, domesticks of Northumberland.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.
POINS and PETO, attendants on Prince Henry.
SHALLOW and SILENCE, country Justices.
DAVY, servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCalf, recruits.
FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.
RUMOUR, a Porter.
A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.
Lady NORTHUMBERLAND. Lady PERCY.
Hostess QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.
Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

Scene—England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of Tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks?
 I, from the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence:
 Whilst the big ear, swol'n with some other grief,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus

My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here
 I run before king Harry's victory;
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his
 troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's
 tongues
 They bring smooth comfort false, worse than
 true wrongs. *[Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The same.

The Porter before the Gate; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—
 Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
 That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the
 orchard;
 Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;

And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince
John,

And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir
John,

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers,
whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings
come with you?

Tra. My lord, sir John Umfreville turn'd me
back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came spurring hard
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied
horse:

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode
by Travers,
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more
news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd:

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus,
and thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton;

Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is
dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth: whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.
 In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
 For from his metal was his party steel'd;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester
 Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
 'Gan veil his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
 And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physick; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice crutch;
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth: Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong,
 my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from
 your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you
 said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumise,
 That in the dole of blows your son might drop:
 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
 You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
 Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward
 spirits

Would lift him where most trade of danger
 rang'd;

Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain,
 The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.

Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my most
 noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—

The gentle archbishop of York is up,

With well-appointed powers; he is a man,

Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord, your son had only but the corps,

But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:

For that some word, rebellion, did divide

The action of their bodies from their souls;

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,

As men drink potions; that their weapons only

Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and

souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,

As fish are in a pond: but now the bishop

Turns insurrection to religion:

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,

He's follow'd both with body and with mind;

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood

Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret

stones:

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;

Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;

And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
 truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.

Go in with me; and counsel every man

The aptest way for safety, and revenge:

Get posts, and letters, and make friends with

speed;

Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London.—A Street.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself is a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: and I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the gentleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow: I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave thou wert better be hanged: You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is

light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, —I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding: and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you, —he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man heetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young lambs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file

To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns with an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far Till we had his assistance by the hand:

For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself with project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts: And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;—Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,) Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit, Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair;

That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model; And when we see the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the erection; Which if we find outweighs ability,

What do we then, but draw anew the model In fewer offices; or, at least, desist

To build at all? Much more, in this great work, (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down, And set another up,) should we survey

The plot of situation, and the model; Consent upon a sure foundation;

Question surveyors; know our own estate, How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposite; or else, We fortify in paper, and in figures,

Using the names of men instead of men: Like one, that draws the model of a house

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely for fair birth,) Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd

The utmost man of expectation; I think, we are a body strong enough,

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, Are in three heads: one power against the French,

And one against Glendower; perforce, a third Must take up us: So is the nation king

In three divided; and his confers sound With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh

Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and West-
moreland:

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Mon-
mouth:

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou would'st have him be?

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have
him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sigh-
ing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*

And take thou this! O thoughts of men
accurst!

Past, and to come, seem best; things present,
worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers,
and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time
bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with
her; and SNARE following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the
action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty
yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay: good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have en-
tered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our
lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he
stabbed me in mine own house, and that most
beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mis-
chief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will
foin like any devil; he will spare neither
man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not
for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your
elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come
but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant
you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—
Good master Fang, hold him sure:—good
master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes
continually to Pie-corner, (saving your man-
hoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to
dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street,
to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye,

since my exion is entered, and my case so
openly known to the world, let him be brought
in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long
loan for a poor lone woman to bear; and I
have borne, and borne, and borne; and have
been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed
off, from this day to that day, that it is a
shame to be thought on. There is no honesty
in such dealing; unless a woman should be
made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's
wrong.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and
BARDOLPH.*

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-
nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your
offices, do your offices, master Fang, and mas-
ter Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's
the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of
mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph;
cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean
in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw
thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou?
thou bastardy rogue!—Murder, murder! O
thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's
officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed
rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller,
and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.
—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou?
do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord: it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fye! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confi-

dent brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[Taking her aside.]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me? dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on this?

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her? [To BARDOLPH] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:

Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz., these and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows,

whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thoughts in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, [To the Page.] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord,

through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favour so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time: and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lady PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times,

And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

When you were more endear'd to it than now;

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look, to see his father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;

For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave,

(Second to none, unseconded by you,)

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage; to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible:—so you left him:

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

To hold your honour more precise and nice

With others, than with him; let them alone;

The marshal, and the archbishop are strong:

Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day, might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,

With new lamenting ancient oversights.

But I must go, and meet with danger there;

Or it will seek me in another place,

And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves: So did your son;

He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,

That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,

But many thousand reasons hold me back:—

I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,

Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter Two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 Draw. Mass, thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Despatch:—The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. P'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court.*—Empty the jordan.—*And was a worthy king:* [*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*To DOLL.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what*

guests you receive: Receive, says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf; I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! your poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue; away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faithors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours indeed! Shall packhorses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis; Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.—

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there, [Laying down his sword.
Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kissethy neif: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[Snatching up his sword.

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant you.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs;—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons: and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon jointstools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faul-

ties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this knave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a curtle of? I shall have money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that e'er I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she's in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two in the whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts, Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,

And drop upon our bare, unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff,
good night.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS, PETO,
and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of
the night, and we must hence, and leave it un-
pick'd. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking
at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, pre-
sently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the
Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—
You see, my good wenches, how men of merit
are sought after: the undeserver may sleep,

when the man of action is called on. Fare-
well, good wenches! If I be not sent away
post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not
ready to burst;—Well, sweet Jack, have a
care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known
thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-
time: but an honest, and truer-hearted man,
—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet
come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with
a Page.*

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and
of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these
letters,

And well consider of them: Make good
speed.— [*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber;

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly
couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;

And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie
down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you
all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of
our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—

My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read
the book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances

mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth,—viewing his progress,
through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great

friends,

Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years since

This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,

And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,)

[*To WARWICK.*]

When Richard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such
intent;

But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gather-
ing head,
Shall break into corruption;—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasur'd.
Such things become the hatch and brood of
time;

And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater false-
ness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd;—Please it your
grace

To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting;
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE,
BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give
me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an
early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my
good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine,
my god-daughter, Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my
cousin William is become a good scholar: He
is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court
shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where,
I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—lusty Shallow, then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing;
and I would have done any thing, indeed,
and roundly too. There was I, and little John
Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare,
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a
Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-
bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I
may say to you, we knew where the bona-
robas were; and had the best of them all at
commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now
sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mow-
bray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same.
I saw him break Skogan's head at the court
gate, when he was a crack, not thus high;
and the very same day did I fight with one
Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-
Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent!
and to see how many of mine old acquaint-
ance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very
sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain
to all: all shall die. How good a yoke of
bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of
your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good
bow;—And dead?—he shot a fine shoot:—
John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted
much money on his head. Dead!—he would
have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and
carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and
fourteen and a half, that it would have done
a man's heart good to see.—How a score of
ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good
ewes may be worth ten pounds?

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here comes two of sir John Falstaff's
men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I
beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor
esquire of this county, and one of the king's
justices of the peace: What is your good
pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to
you: my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall
gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant
leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I know him a good backword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, it is: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Sil. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see: Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [To SHALLOW.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John: let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under; he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it; I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar, before thou art pricked?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's-fields.

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive.

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watchword was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to, stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny,

so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow,—Give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat, —how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the sparemen, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your cavalier. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at the Mile-end-green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight

were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crouding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble haut-boy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him
touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave
them out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts
us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our
general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland,
in peace;

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord arch-
bishop,—

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
touch'd;

Whose learning and good letters peace hath
tutor'd;

Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to
blood,

Your pens to lances ; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ?—so the ques-
tion stands.

Briefly to this end :—We are all diseas'd ;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it : of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men :
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion :
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal de-
nied ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer has been suborn'd to grate on you ?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. My brother general, the common-
wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part ; and to
us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before ;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours ?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,

That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on : Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remembered fa-
ther's ?

Mowb. What thing in honour had my father
lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers
down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
Then, then, when there was nothing could
have staid

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw :
Then threw he down himself ; and all their
lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you
know not what :

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman ;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then
have smil'd ?

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers,
and love,

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the
king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience : and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this
offer ;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so ;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear ;
For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as
good :—

Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit
no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your
offence :

A rotten cause abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse, you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule;

For this contains our general grievances:—
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consigned;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please
you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven so
frame!

Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.
[Exit WEST.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom,
tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make
our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-
tains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this—the
king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his
rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack

The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord
marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth
your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our ar-
mies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name
then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my
lord, we come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Arch-
bishop, HASTINGS, and others: from the
other side, Prince JOHN of LANCASTER,
WESTMORELAND, Officers & Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here,
my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and
him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
Croud us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from
the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires:
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings,
much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them
directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them
well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-
dress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several
counties,

As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these
redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain
my word:

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an Officer.*] and de-
liver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and
part:

I know, it will well please them: Hie thee,
captain. [*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmore-
land.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you
knew what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mow-
bray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
season;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sud-
den sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes
to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in
spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own
rule be true. [*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd;
Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after vic-
tory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*]
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-
night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you
to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school
broke up,

Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-
place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord

Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honour-
able?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine
honour,

I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale; Coleville shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Coleville of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. Do you yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further now;—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—
[*Exit WEST.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: To the which

course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,

To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. [*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth

becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face: which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—

Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn
this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do
shape,

In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:

The prince but studies his companions,

Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—

O me! come near me, now I am much ill.
[Swoons.]
P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs;
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly birds of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

[They convey the King into an inner part of the room, and place him on a Bed.]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for music in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—
sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*]
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep's the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snore out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously;
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out,

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Exit WARWICK.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes—Come hither to me, Harry:—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
 For now a time is come to mock at form,
 Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
 hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness!
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
 scum:

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink,
 dance,

Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall double gild his treble guilt;
 England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy
 riots,

What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for
 my tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous
 spirit

Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your
 majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die;

And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you
 were,)

I spake unto the crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee de-*
pending,

Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of
gold.

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life, in med'cine potable:

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most
renown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most
 royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head;
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head!
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son,
 Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's
 love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows,
 my son,

By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;

For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,

But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous
 hand;

And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;

Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,

Thou see'st with peril I have answered:
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene

Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode: for what in me was pur-

chas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
 could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are
 green;

And all thy friends, which thou must make
 thy friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en
 out;

By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear

To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now

To lead out many to the Holy Land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them

look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds

With foreign quarrels; that action, hence
 borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,

That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!

And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;

Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,

'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Land be to God!—even there my
life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not
away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert
Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not
be excused; excuses shall not be admitted;
there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not
be excused—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see,
Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William
cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you
shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts
cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we
sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for
William cook:—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's
note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John,
you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket
must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to
stop any of William's wages, about the sack
he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons,
Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint
of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kick-
shaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night,
sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A
friend i'the court is better than a penny in
purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are
arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten,
sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy
business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance

William Visor of Wincot against Clement
Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy,
against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant
knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a
knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a
knave should have some countenance at his
friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able
to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I
have served your worship truly, sir, this eight
years; and if I cannot once or twice in a
quarter bear out a knave against an honest
man, I have but a very little credit with your
worship. The knave is mine honest friend,
sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let
him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong.
Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are
you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.
—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind
master Bardolph!—and welcome, my tall fel-
low. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John.

[*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert
Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses.
[*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were
sawed into quantities, I should make four
dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as
master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to
see the semblable coherence of his men's
spirits and his: They, by observing him, do
bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by
conversing with them, is turned into a justice-
like serving-man; their spirits are so married
in conjunction with the participation of so-
ciety, that they flock together in consent,
like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to
master Shallow, I would humour his men,
with the imputation of being near their master:
if to his men, I would curry with master
Shallow, that no man could better command
his servants. It is certain, that either wise
bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as
men take diseases, one of another: therefore,
let men take heed of their company. I will
devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to

keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

SCENE II.

Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my phantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be over-turn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. *Cla.* Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation: I am the sorrier; 'would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul; And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.—

If truth and upright innocency fail me, I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me;—and

you most; [To the Chief Justice.]

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd

rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England? Was this

easy?

May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your

father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment;

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought;

To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your per-
son:

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case
yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh
this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words;—
*Happy am I, that I have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit
me:

For which I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to
bear;

With this remembrance,—That you use the
same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my
hand;

You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine
ear;

And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;

And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;

To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,

That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—

In which you, father, shall have foremost
hand.— [To the Lord Chief Justice.]

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:

And (God consigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to
say,—

Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BAR-
DOLPH, the PAGE, and DAVY.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard:
where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's
pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of
carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Si-
lence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly
dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all,
beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—
Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said,
Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses;
he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very
good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have
drunk too much sack at supper:—a good
varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come,
cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[Singing.]
*And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,*

*So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.*

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master
Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine,
Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [*Seating BARDOLPH
and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with
you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master
page, good master page, sit: proface! What
you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But
you must bear; The heart's all. [*Exit.*]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and
my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;*
[Singing.]

*For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.*

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had
been a man of this mettle,

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and
once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for
you. [*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you
straight. [*To BARD.*]—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
[Singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes
in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master
Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou
wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew
thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief;
[To the Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.—
I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the
cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart to-
gether. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick
by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not
out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack no-
thing: be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look
who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

[Exit DAVY.]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.]

Sil. Do me right, [Singing.]

And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an man
can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's
one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

Fal. How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man
to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of
the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but Goodman
Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a
man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and world-
lings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy
news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

[Sings.]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the He-
licons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your
breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you
come with news from the court, I take it,
there is but two ways; either to utter them,
or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the
king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak,
or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak,
are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office
thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I
will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a
knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master
Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt,
I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots;
we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—
Away, Bardolph. [Exit BARD.]—Come, Pis-
tol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise
something, to do thyself good.—Boot, boot,
master Shallow; I know, the young king is
sick for me. Let us take any man's horses;
the laws of England are at my commandment.
Happy are they which have been my friends;
and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs
also!

Where is the life that late I led, say they:
Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICK-
LY, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I
might die, that I might have thee hanged:
thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her
over to me; and she shall have whipping-
cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been
a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[Exeunt Grooms.]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [To SHALLOW.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and

not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*:

'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison; Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[Shouts within, and the Trumpets sound.]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King, and his Train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pis. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane; But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men:—Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was: For heaven doth know, so shall the world

perceive, That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company. When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast. The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile. For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will,—according to your strength, and
qualities,—

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge,
my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on. [*Exeunt King, and his Train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand
pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech
you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow.
Do not grieve at this; I shall be sent for in
private to him; look you, he must seem thus
to the world. Fear not your advancement;
I will be the man yet, that shall make you
great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you
give me your doublet, and stuff me out with
straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me
have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word:
this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in,
sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to din-
ner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bar-
dolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice,
Officers, &c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the
Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear
you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me
contenta.*

[*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD.
Page, and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the
king's:

He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for;

But all are banish'd, till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parlia-
ment, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this
year expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking pleas'd the king,
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy; last,
my speech. My fear is, your displeasure;
my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to
beg your pardons. If you look for a good
speech now, you undo me: for what I have
to say, is of mine own making; and what,
indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove
mine own marring. But to the purpose, and
so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as
it is very well,) I was lately here in the end
of a displeasing play, to pray your patience
for it, and to promise you a better. I did
mean, indeed, to pay you with this: which,
if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home,
I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose.
Here, I promised you, I would be, and here
I commit my body to your mercies: bate me
some, and I will pay you some, and, as most
debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit
me, will you command me to use my legs!

and yet that were but light payment,—to
dance out of your debt. But a good con-
science will make any possible satisfaction,
and so will I. All the gentlewomen here
have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not,
then the gentlemen do not agree with the
gentlewomen, which was never seen before
in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be
not too much cloyed with fat meat, our hum-
ble author will continue the story, with Sir
John in it, and make you merry with fair
Katharine of France: where, for any thing I
know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless
already he be killed with your hard opinions;
for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not
the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs
are too, I will bid you good night: and so
kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to
pray for the queen.

KING HENRY V.

Persons represented.

King HENRY THE FIFTH.

Duke of GLOSTER, } brothers to the King.

Duke of BEDFORD, }

Duke of EXETER, uncle to the King.

Duke of YORK, cousin to the King.

Earls of SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Bishop of ELY.

Earl of CAMBRIDGE, } conspirators against
Lord SCROOP, } the King.

Sir THOMAS GREY, }

Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, officers in King Henry's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, formerly servants to Falstaff, now soldiers in the same.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards wholly in France.

Boy, servant to them. A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Dukes of BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES, & GRANDPREE, French lords.

Governor of HARFLEUR, MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, daughter of Charles & Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on the Princess Katharine.

QUICKLY, Pistol's wife, an hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars: and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,
and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentlemen all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work:

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill
is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's
reign

Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it
now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,

We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout

By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us ; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,

Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights ;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied ;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year : Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention ?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too : yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him ;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made :
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults ;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate :

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study :

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd-libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences ;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to his theoric ;
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain :
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle ;

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so : for miracles are ceas'd ;

And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no ?

Cant. He seems indifferent ;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us :
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation ;

And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty ;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,)

The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,

Deriv'd from Edward his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off ?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant,
Crav'd audience : and the hour I think is come,
To give him hearing : Is it four o'clock ?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy ;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you ; and I long to hear it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury ?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege ?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin ; we would be resolv'd.

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it !

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our
person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
We charge you, in the name of God, take
heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless
drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto
the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience
wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—
and you peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
To this imperial throne:—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—

*In terram Salicam mulieres nē succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:*
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having subdued the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devis'd for the realm of France:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption,
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the
great

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clo-
thair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the
great,—

To fine his title with some show of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and
naught,)

Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the
tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of
Lorain:

By the which marriage, the line of Charles
the great

Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female;
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience,
make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sove-
reign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's
tomb,

From whom you claim: invoke his warlike
spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black
prince;

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling; to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;

The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of
the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause,
and means, and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England,

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O let their bodies follow, my dear
liege

With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your
right:

In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade
the French;

But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sove-
reign,

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brimfulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neigh-
bourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege:

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and
true,—

If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely
eggs;

Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at
home:

Yet that is but a curs'd necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:

For government, though high, and low, and
lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in once concent;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others like merchants, venture trade broad;

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;

Which pillage they with merry march bring
home

To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;

The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,

Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;

As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;

So many thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my
liege.

Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,

And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,

Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation lose

The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from
the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant.* *The King ascends
his throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd: and by God's help;
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,

Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly duke-
doms;

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them :
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,
Like turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May it please your majesty, to give
us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king ;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed
plainness,

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the
third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our
master

Says,—that you savour too much of your youth ;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in
France,

That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there :

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin
speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is so
pleasant with us ;

His present, and you pains, we thank you for ;
When we have match'd our rackets to these
balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license ; As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from
home.

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state ;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days ;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his
soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful ven-
geance

That shall fly with them : for many a thou-
sand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear
husbands ;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down ;

And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
scorn,

But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; And in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh
at it.—

Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you
well. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush
at it. [*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition :
For we have now no thought in us but France ;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected ; and all things thought
upon,

That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are
on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries,
For now sits expectation in the air ;

And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee
do,

Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found
out

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns: and three cor-
rupted men,—

One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the se-
cond,

Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,—

Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;

And by their hands this grace of kings must
die,

(If hell and treason hold their promises,)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southamp-
ton.

Linger your patience on: and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

The same. Eastcheap.

Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you
friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little:
but when time shall serve, there shall be
smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare
not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine
iron: It is a simple one; but what though?
it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold
as another man's sword will: and there's the
humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make
you friends; and we'll be all three sworn
brothers to France; let it be so, good corporal
Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may,
that's the certain of it; and when I cannot
live any longer, I will do as I may: that is
my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is

married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she
did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to
her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they
may: men may sleep, and they may have
their throats about them at that time; and,
some say, knives have edges. It must be as
it may: though patience be a tired mare,
yet she will plod. There must be conclu-
sions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol and his
wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How
now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me—host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we
cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen
gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick
of their needles, but it will be thought we keep
a bawdy-house straight. [*NYM draws his
sword.*] O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn
now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now
shall we have wilful adultery and murder
committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good
corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou
prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the va-
lour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you
solus. [*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot con-
jure me. I have an humour to knock you
indifferently well: if you grow foul with me,
Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I
may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I
would prick your guts a little, in good terms,
as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious
wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [*PISTOL and NYM draw.*

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he
that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to
the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury
shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other,
in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coup le gorge*, that's the word?—I
thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quandam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

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Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fractured and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WEST-MORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,

Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts;

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;

Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,

Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those that were your father's enemies,

Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand,

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews
toil ;

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less,—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish
too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you
give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye,

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that
man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in
their dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes ;

Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam. I one, my lord ;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
there is yours ;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ;—and,
sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them ; and know, I know your worthi-
ness.—

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exe-
ter,—

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now,
gentlemen ?

What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they
change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you
there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance ?

Cam. I do confess my fault ;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us
but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cam-
bridge here,—

You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn—
But O!

What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou
cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely
see it.

Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils swore to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them :
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason and on murder :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence :
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being
fetch'd

From glistening semblances of piety ;
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do
treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same daemon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou : Seem they grave and
learned ?

Why, so didst thou : Come they of noble fa-
mily ?

Why, so didst thou : Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou : Or are they spare in diet ;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger ;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement ;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem :

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the
name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
of Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath dis-
cover'd;

And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not
seduce;

Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me:

Grey. Never did faithful subject more
rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear
your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from
his coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, guarded.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war:
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No King of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

London. *Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs. QUICKLY*, *NYM*, *BAR-*
DOLPH, and *Boy*.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let
me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting
veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up: for Falstaff he
is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, where-
some'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's
bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away,
an it had been any christom child; 'a parted
even just between twelve and one, e'en at
turning o'the tide: for after I saw him fumble
with the sheets, and play with flowers, and
smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was
but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen,
and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, sir
John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer.
So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or
four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him,
'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was
no need to trouble himself with any such
thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay more clothes
on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and
felt them, and they were as cold as any stone;
then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and
upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were
devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation;
'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have
him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle
women; but then he was rheumatic; and
talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea
stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it
was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain-
ed that fire; that's all the riches I got in his
service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? the king will be
gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me
thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and Pay*;
Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-
cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food,
they say.

Pist. Toach her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne, Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war, With men of courage, and with means defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce, As waters to the sucking of a gulph.

It fits us then, to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)

But that defences, musters, preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no show of fear:

No, with no more than if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:

For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,

That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:

Question your grace the late ambassadors,—

With what great state he heard their embassy,

How well supplied with noble counsellors,

How modest in exception, and, withal,

How terrible in constant resolution,—

And you shall find his vanities fore-spent

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter:

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems,

So the proportions of defence are fill'd; Which, of a weak and niggardly projection, Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong; And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us; And he is bred out of that bloody strain,

That haunted us in our familiar paths:

Witness our too much memorable shame,

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,

And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand

Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;

Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—

Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him

Mangle the works of nature, and deface

The patterns that by God and by French fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

Of that victorious stock: and let us fear

The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry King of England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.

Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs

Most spend their mouths, when that they seem to threaten,

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,

Take up the English short; and let them know

Of what a monarchy you are the head;

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin

As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER, and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty,

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty, That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven, By law of nature, and of nations, 'long

To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,

And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,

By custom and the ordinance of times,

Unto the crown of France. That you may know,

'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-varnish'd days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd

He sends you this most memorable line,

[*Gives a paper.*]

In every branch truly demonstrative;

Willing you, overlook this pedigree:

And, when you find him evenly deriv'd

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors

Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it;
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove:
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel;)

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my mes-
sage;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this
furtber:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him; What to him from
England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard,
contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my king: and, if your father's
highness

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your
mock

In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
for it,

Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that
our king

Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You soon shall be despatch'd
with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have
seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus
fanning.

Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order
give

To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden
sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
sea,

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold

A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,

Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow,
follow!

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;

And leave your England, as dead midnight;
still,

Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old
women,

Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puis-
sance:

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to
France?

Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a
siege:

Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French
comes back;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to
dowry,

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches.

[*Alarum; and Chambers go off.*

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *The same. Before Harfleur.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhand and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach! to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bads humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed by FLUELLEN.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me: for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case: bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit Boy.*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look

you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is dight himself four yards under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass; as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain: and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion; and, partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done: and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do good service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise that is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault.

[A Parley sounded.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Gates of Harfleur. The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter King HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves; Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier, (A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)

If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up; And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass

Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,— Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,— Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause, If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of
Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of
grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the
walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls
confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread
king,

We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft
mercy:

Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle
Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[*Flourish.* The King, &c. enter the
Town.]

SCENE IV.

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et
tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut
que j'apprenne à parler. Comment ap-
pellez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de
hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les
doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les
doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelée de fin-
gres; ouy, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de

fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon esco-
lier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vis-
tement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si
je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort
bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz le repe-
tition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez ap-
pris des à present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, com-
me je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De
hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie;
De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de neck: le men-
ton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en
verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict
que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par
la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que
je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous prompte-
ment. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et
de sin; Comment appelez vous le pieds et
la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de con.

Kath. De foot, et de con? O Seigneur
Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, cor-
ruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour
les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne vou-
drois prononcer ces mots devant les Seig-
neurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il
faut de foot, & de con, neant-moins. Je re-
citerai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:
De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow,
de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assés pour une fois; allons
nous a disner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke
of BOURBON, the Constable of France,
and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the
river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays
of us,—

The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans,
Norman bastards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they
this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden
water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley
broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich
fields;

Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English danc-
ing schools,

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald?
speed him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp de-
fiance.—

Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the
field:

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy:

Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faucon-
berg,

Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great
shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our
land

With pennons pointed in the blood of Har-
fleur!

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power e-
nough,—

And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famished in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransome.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste
on Montjoy:

And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransome he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in
Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
with us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen, come you
from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent
service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnani-
mous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love
and honour with my soul, and my heart, and
my duty, and my life, and my livings, and
my uttermost powers: he is not, (God be
praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld;
but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with ex-
cellent discipline. There is an ensign there
at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience,
he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a
man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did
see him do gallant service.

Gow. What you call him?

Flu. He is called—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes
the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me fa-
vours:

The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited
some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound
of heart,

Of buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol.
Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler be-

fore her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a *pix*, and hanged must 'a be.

A damn'd death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship?

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit PISTOL.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find

a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and wheelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial! England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransome; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance; and tell him, for conclu-

sion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee,
herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransome, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another
neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,
Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red
blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [Exit MONTJOY.]

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the Duke of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and Others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—'Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sand into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature*,—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre*

vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously! and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one who knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is: never any

body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take that up with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten,

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb
of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,

That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly
flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful
neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned

English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will
behold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
tent,

Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and coun-
trymen.

Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him:
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And so our scene must to the battle fly:
Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things, by what their mock-
eries be. [Exit.]

SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

*Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOS-
TER.*

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in
great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Al-
mighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,

And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes
me better,

Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their
present pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased;
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers
both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good-morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
Harry! [Exit ERPINGHAM.]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou
speakest cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer;
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of
gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. *Le Roy!* A Cornish name: art thou
of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Flaellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about
his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in
your cap that day, lest he knock that about
yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Chesbu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. [*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man; as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis,

he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom, to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his leadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now

the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty

French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all. O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy!

And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?

What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in? O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!

What is the soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:

I am a king, that find thee; and I know,

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farced title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;

But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night

Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;

And follows so the ever-running year

With profitable labour, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them altogether at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't; my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear: take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day,
O Lord,

O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up,
my lords.

Dau. *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *valet!* *lacquay?* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre*—

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*—

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,

And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm

About our squares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honours must not, What's to say?
A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;

And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard; On, to the field:

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge;
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

But one tenthousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called—the feast of Crispian:

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,

And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:

Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,

And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words,—

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where (wretches) their
poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then a bounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly;—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,

And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransome then

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;

Come thou no more for ransome, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:

Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,

Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransome.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg

The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes les gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—

Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—

O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransome.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayex pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;

For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—

Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,

Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, ne pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransome, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—

Follow me, cur.

[Exit PISTOL.]

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[Exit French Soldier.]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and others.

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all! Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—

Do not run away. [A short Alarum.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *O perdurable shame!*—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die instant: Once more back again; And he that will not follow Bourbon now, Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand, Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door, Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog, His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field, To smother up the English in our throngs. If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;

Let life be short: else, shame will be too long.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour,

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting; From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,

Larding the plain: and by his bloody side, (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)

The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over, Comes to him, whereingore he lay insteep'd,

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes, That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:*

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field, We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up: He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord, Commend my service to my sovereign.*

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his

lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me, But all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

[Alarum.]

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?— The French have reforc'd their scatter'd men:

Then every soldier kill his prisoners; Give the word through. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms; 'tis as ar-

rant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered in the 'orld: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales, and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a Part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. —Take a trumpet, herald;

Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French,
my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd
to be.

K. Hen. How now, what means this, herald?
know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for
ransome?

Com'st thou again for ransome?

Mont. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead
masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great
king,

To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our
strength, for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of
Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle
Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have
read in the chronicles, fought a most prave
pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your
majesties is remember'd of it, the Welshman
did goot service in a garden where leeks did
grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;
which, your majesty knows, to this hour is
an honourable padge of the service; and, I do
believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear
the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash
your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody.

I can tell you that : God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too !

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all the 'orld : I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so !—Our heralds go with him ;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY, and Others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap ?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman ?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me last night : who, if a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear : or if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen ? is it fit this soldier keep his oath ?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath : if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under ?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain ; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen ; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap : When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm : if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person ; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects : I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all ; but I would fain see it once ; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower ?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels :

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May, haply, purchase him a box o'the ear ;

It is the soldier's ; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,) Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury :

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king : there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. Know the glove ? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this ; and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir ? you villain !

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him ; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now ! what's the matter ?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now ! what's the matter ?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly;—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a Paper.*]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt;
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guis-
chard Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale,

Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents another Paper.*]
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was
here,

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it,
God,

For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from
God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy
men. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea : Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and
boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;
And solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath :
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious
pride ;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of
thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland
coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him ? much more, and much more
cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place
him ;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home :
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them ;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France ;
There must we bring him ; and myself have
play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes ad-
vance
After your thoughts, straight back again to
France. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I.

France. *An English Court of Guard.**Enter* FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your leek to-day ? Saint David's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower ; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol ! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you !

Pist. Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web ?
Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek ; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you, *[Strikes him.]* Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for it. *[Striking him again.]* You called me yesterday, mountain-squire ; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days :—Pite, I pray you ; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ;

I eat, and eke I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you : Will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them! that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold, you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat.

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy-groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and sworn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[Exit.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i'the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)—

We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,
burs,

Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood.

To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace

Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the
which, as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

F. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To resurvey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle
Exeter,—

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother
Gloster,

Warwick—and Huntingdon,—go with the
king:

And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair
sister,

Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go
with them;

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine
here with us;

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE,
and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I
cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love
me soundly with your French heart, I will be
glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
English tongue? Do you like me, Kate?

Kate. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is
—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and
you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable
à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace)
ainsi dit il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hom-
mes sont pleines des tromperies.*

VOL. II.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is
be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-
woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for
thy understanding: I am glad, thou can'st
speak no better English; for, if thou could'st,
thou would'st find me such a plain king, that
thou would'st think, I had sold my farm to
buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it
in love, but directly to say—I love you: then,
if you urge me further than to say—Do you in
faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your
answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands and
a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me under-
stand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to
verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why
you undid me: for the one, I have neither
words nor measure; and for the other, I have
no strength in measure, yet a reasonable mea-
sure in strength. If I could win a lady at
leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with
my armour on my back, under the correction
of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly
leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my
love, or bound my horse for her favours, I
could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a
jack-an-apes, never off: but before God, I
cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my elo-
quence, nor I have no cunning in protestation;
only downright oaths, which I never use till
urged, nor never break for urging. If thou
canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate,
whose face is not worth sun-burning, that
never looks in his glass for love of any thing
he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I
speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love
me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—
that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by
the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And
while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of
plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce
must do thee right, because he hath not the
gift to woo in other places: for these fellows
of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves
into ladies' favours,—they do always reason
themselves out again. What! a speaker is
but a prater: a rhyme is but a ballad. A good
leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a
black beard will turn white: a curled pate
will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full
eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate,
is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and
not the moon; for it shines bright, and never
changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou
would have such a one, take me: And take
me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king:
And what sayest thou then to my love? speak,
my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de
enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should
love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in lov-

ing me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French : which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, & quand vous avez le possession de moi,* (let me see, what then ? Saint Dennis be my speed !)—*donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate : but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to me much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English ? Canst thou love me ?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate ? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me : and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me ; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart : but, good Kate, mock me mercifully ; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier breeder : Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard ? shall we not ? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce ?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No ; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise : do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy ; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deese ?*

Kath. Your majesté 'ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fye upon my false French ! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate : by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me ; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me ; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo

ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear : my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face : thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst ; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better ; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empres ; take me by the hand, and say,—Harry of England, I am thine : which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken : therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me ?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, & damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she ?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser, en English.*

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss : therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate : there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind; Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind bby in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest:

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred: and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,

So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,

Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league;

That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,

And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;

And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,

Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;

In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly
liv'd

This star of England: fortune made his
sword;

By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king

Of France and England, did this king suc-
ceed;

Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France, and made his Eng-
land bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for
their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[Exit.]

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Persons represented.

<i>King</i> HENRY the SIXTH.	WOODVILLE, <i>Lieut. of the Tower.</i>
Duke of GLOSTER, <i>uncle to the King, and Protector.</i>	VERNON, <i>of the White Rose, or York faction.</i>
Duke of BEDFORD, <i>uncle to the King, and Regent of France.</i>	BASSET, <i>of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.</i>
THOMAS BEAUFORT, <i>Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the King.</i>	CHARLES, <i>Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.</i>
HENRY BEAUFORT, <i>great uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.</i>	REIGNIER, <i>Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.</i>
JOHN BEAUFORT, <i>Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.</i>	Duke of BURGUNDY. Duke of ALENCON. Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans. Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son. General of the French forces in Bourdeaux. A French Sergeant. A Porter. An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, <i>eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of YORK.</i>	MARGARET, <i>daughter to Reignier: afterwards married to King Henry.</i>
Earl of WARWICK. Earl of SALISBURY. Earl of SUFFOLK.	Countess of AUVERGNE.
Lord TALBOT, <i>afterwards Earl of SHREWSBURY.</i>	JOAN LA PUCELLE, <i>commonly called Joan of Arc.</i>
JOHN TALBOT, <i>his son.</i>	
EDMUND MORTIMER, <i>Earl of March. Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.</i>	<i>Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.</i>
Sir JORN FASTOLFE. Sir WILLIAM LUCY. Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE. Mayor of London.	

Scene—Partly in England, partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,
yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!

Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:

His brandished sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,

More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:

He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:

Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

And death's dishonourable victory

We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,

That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted French

Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,

By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not
churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art
protector;

And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the
flesh;

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou
go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your
minds in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;

Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,

When at their mother's moist eyes babes shall
suck;

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—

Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,

Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ———

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you
all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead
Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from
death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,

These news would cause him once more yield
the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery
was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and
money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;

And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and
fought,

You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little
cost;

Another would fly swift but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of
France:—

Give me my steel'd coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds I will lend the French, instead of
eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of
bad mischance,

France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in
Rheims;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
Exe. The Dauphin is crowned king! all fly
to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies'

throats;
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my for-
wardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your
laments,

Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's
hearse,—

I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame?
is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was
o'erthrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,

By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:

No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;

Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of
hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,

Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst

stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged he

slew:
The French exclaimed, The devil was in arms;

All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,

And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransome there is none but I shall pay:

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransome of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,

To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[*Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,

Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out: for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,

And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
[*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions, afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Whoever saw the like? what men have I?—

Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified;

For none but Samsons and Goliasses,

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Lean raw-bon'd rascals; who would e'er suppose

They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth

The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin, I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methink, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand;

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words, For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit Bastard.*]

But, first to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:

Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—

By this mean shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*]

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and Others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—

Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart:—

Stand back, yon lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Will'd me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate,

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me:

And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side; The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-yard,

Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man. [*They fight.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love, For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence, Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants! Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge. This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have enter'd into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death, the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drivethem from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:

Nor prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London. Hill before the Tower.

Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his serving-men, in blue coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;

Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.—

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?

Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls,

[*Servants knock.*]

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who is there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Answer you so the lord protector, villains?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dughill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?

Open the Gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke: I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester! that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a Train of Servants, in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Hamphry? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor, And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator; Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord; Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin: I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place; Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[*GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.*]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose, I cry—a rope! a rope! Now beat them hence. Why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fye, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor: thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never peace, O'ercharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm;

And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling places; and not to wear,

handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law :
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost,
be sure :

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not
away :

This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what
thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster ! guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we
will depart.—

Good God ! that nobles should such stomachs
bear !

I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

*Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner
and his Son.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans
is besieg'd ;

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at
them,

Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou
rul'd by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;

Something I must do to procure me grace :

The prince's espials have inform'd me,

How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,

Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars,

In yonder tower, to overpeer the city ;

And thence discover, how, with most advantage,

They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;

And fully even these three days have I watch'd,

If I could see them. Now boy, do thou
watch,

For I can stay no longer.

I, thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you ; take you no
care :

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower,
the Lords SALISBURY, and TALBOT, Sir
WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GAR-
GRAVE, and others,*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd !
How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd ?

Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Call'd—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles ;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd
me :

Which I, disdaining, scorn'd ; and craved
death

Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O ! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my
heart !

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,

If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert en-
tertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contume-
lious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a public spectacle to all ;

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scare-crow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me ;

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the
ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly ;

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was
spread,

That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while ;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you
endur'd ;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans :

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;

Let us look in, the sight will much delight
thee.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glans-
dale,

Let me have your express opinions,

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate, for there
stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the
bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be fa-
mish'd,

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town. SALISBURY
and Sir THO. GARGRAVE fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched
sinners !

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful
man !

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly
hath cross'd us ?—

Speak, Salisbury : at least, if thou canst speak ;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck
off !—

Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand,

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the
field.—

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech
doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles—

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, *When I am dead and
gone,*

Remember to avenge me on the French.—

Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an Alarum.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the hea-
vens?

Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have
gather'd head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—

A holy prophetess, new risen up,—

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth
groan!

It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged.—

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—

Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's
heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—

Convey me Salisbury into his tent.

And then we'll try what these dastard French-
men dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.*

SCENE V.

The same. Before one of the Gates.

*Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth
the Dauphin, and driveth him in: then
enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Eng-
lishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and
my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout
with thee;

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou
serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must
disgrace thee; [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to
prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of my cou-
rage,

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet
come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy
strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the Town, with
Soldiers.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do;

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops, and conquers as she
lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome
stench,

Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.

They call'd us, for our fierceness, English
dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short Alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat;

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:

Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,

Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another Skirmish.*

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his re-
venge.—

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT
and his Forces, &c.*

SCENE VI. The same.

*Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES,
REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the
walls;

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's
daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the
next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—

Recover'd is the town of Orleans;
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells through-
out the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth
and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the
men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day
is won;

For which, I will divide my crown with her;

And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and
Two Sentinels.*

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigi-
lant:

If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

I Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds,)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and
cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and
Forces, with Scaling Ladders; their
Drums beating a dead March.*

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Bur-
gundy,—

By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he
wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so
pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine
ere long;

If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse
with spirits:

God is our fortress; in whose conquering
name,

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow
thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make
his grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying
St. George! a Talbot! and all enter
by the Town.*]

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy
doth make assault!

*The French leap over the Walls in their
Shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard,
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready, and
half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all un-
ready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so
well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and
leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd
arms,

Never heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, fa-
vour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how
he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive
guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful
dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so
much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;

That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made,

And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying,
a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving
their Clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left,

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and Others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;

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The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,)
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Anvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe

To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:

And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well, then, alone, since there's no remedy,

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [Whispers.]—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Anvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge:

And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name, the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:

But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,

Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art thou not the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no; I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;

For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,

But only (with your patience,) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart: and think me honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;

The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;

Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;

And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better
temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest
eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:

The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evilent,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's
eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so
loath to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no
flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all
colour

Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen: and pluck
no more,

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of
the case,

I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it
off;

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose
red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be
false,

The argument you held was wrong in you;

[To SOMERSET.

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating
that,

Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain
his truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my
bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my
hand,

I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both
him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy
throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with
him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st
him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain
my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st thou not attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:

Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee
still:

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall
wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester:

And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:

And here I prophesy, This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a Chair by Two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:

Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief,

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—

Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,—

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have.—

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)

This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;

I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's

great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:

Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with his father's death;

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:

Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,

And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,

Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir

Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,

Finding his usurpation most unjust,
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
 The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
 Was—for that (young king Richard thus re-
 mov'd,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
 I was the next by birth and parentage;
 For by my mother I derived am
 From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
 To king Edward the third, whereas he,
 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
 Being but fourth of that heroic line.
 But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
 Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
 Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
 From famous Edmund Langley, duke of
 York,—

Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army; weening to redeem,
 And have install'd me in the diadem:
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is
 the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue
 have:

And that my fainting words do warrant death:
 Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail
 with me:

But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou poli-
 tick;
 Strong fixed is the house of Lancaster,
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd:
 But now thy uncle is removing hence;
 As princes do their courts, when they are
 cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my
 young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the
 slaught'rer doth,
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will
 kill.

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only, give order for my funeral;
 And so farewell: and fair be all thy hopes!
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!

[*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy part-
 ing soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
 And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
 Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
 Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.*
 Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:—
 And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
 I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
 And therefore haste I to the parliament;
 Either to be restored to my blood,
 Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. The Parliament-House.

*Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER,
 GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and
 SUFFOLK; the Bishop of Winchester,
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others.
 GLOSTER offers to put up a Bill; Win-
 chester snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated
 lines,
 With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
 Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
 Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
 Do it without invention suddenly;
 As I with sudden and extemporal speech
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place com-
 mands my patience,
 Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd
 me.
 Think not, although in writing I preferr'd

The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
 No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession, and degree;
 And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords,
 vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
 As he will have me, How am I so poor?
 Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wanted calling?

And for dissension, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he:
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth,
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be
humbler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so
near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of
that?

Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his
tongue;

Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with
lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Win-
chester,

The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within; Down with the away coats!*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again; Stones! Stones!*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous
Henry,—

Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd
out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to
ourselves,

To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the
peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peev-
ish broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to
be a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our
nails

Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my
soul!—

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Win-
chester;

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands
me stoop;

Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the
duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:

Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee:

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! *[Aside.*

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,

How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet,

We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—
for, sweet prince,

And if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right:

Especially, for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give,

That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee
against my foot;

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,

I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;

And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes
may fall!

And as my duty springs so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke
of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of
York! *[Aside.]*

Glo. Now, will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:

The presence of a king engenders love

Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word,
king Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Exeunt all but EXETER.]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away.

So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,

Which, in the time of Henry, named the fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win
all;

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. France. Before Rouen.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, disguised, and Soldiers
dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks up-
on their Backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of
Rouen,

Through which our policy must make a breach:

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,

That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,) *[Knocks.]*

And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,

That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack
the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;

Therefore we'll knock. *[Knocks.]*

Guard. *[Within.]* Qui est là?

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

[Opens the Gates.]

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks
to the ground.

[PUCELLE, &c. enter the City.]

*Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALEN-
çon, and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy strata-
gem!

And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practi-
sants;

Now she is there, how will she specify

Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yon-
der tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battlement: holding out a Torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen:
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of
our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous
ends;

Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*They enter.*]

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason
with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[*Exeunt to the Town.*]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the Town BEDFORD, brought in sick in a Chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn
for bread?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless
courtezan!

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before
that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge
this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard?
break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all
despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle,
hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.*]
God speed the parliament! who shall be the
speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in
the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then
for fools,

To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of
France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away: let's get us from the
walls;

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but
to tell you

That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the Walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be
long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in
France,)

Either to get the town again, or die:

And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror;

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;

So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy
vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying
prince,

The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my
lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:

Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now per-
suade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once
I read,

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford
safe!—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,*
leaving BEDFORD, and others.]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in
such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world to save my life.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think, her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court:

But kings and mightiest potentates, must die;

For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,

And like a peacock sweep along his tail:

We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd
from France,

And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I
will work,

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums heard.*

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles, for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave, Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,

When death doth close its tender dying eyes,

See, see, the pining malady of France;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful

breast!

O, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with
her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France ex-
claims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then, but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for
proof;—

Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner?

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free, without his ransome paid,

In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then! thou fightest against thy country-
men,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-
men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring
lord;

Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their
arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words
of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

My forces, and my power of men are yours;—

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman, turn, and
turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friend-
ship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our
breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part
in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join
our powers;

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Paris. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other
Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them
TALBOT, and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable
peers,—

Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:

In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of
strength,

Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle
Gloster,

That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and vic-
torious lord!

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)

I do remember how my father said,

A stouter champion never handled sword.

Long since we were resolved of your truth,

Your faithful service, and your toil in war;

Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,

Because till now we never saw your face:

Therefore, stand up; and, for these good de-
serts,

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;

And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,
and Nobles.*]

Ver. Now, sir, to you that were so hot at
sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear

In honour of my noble lord of York.—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou
spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as
York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye
that. [*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms
is such,

That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest
blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong;

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon
as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath, [Governor kneels.

That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from the craven's leg,

[*Plucking it off.*

(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd,
my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth:
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage

Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,

Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;

And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain

That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou
hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death,—
[*Exit FASTOLFE.*

And now, my lord, protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath
chang'd his style?

[*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the King?*

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?—*I have upon especial cause,—*

[*Reads.*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's

wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful
king of France.

O monstrous treachery? Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling
guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy
revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your
foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth
contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall
talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I
am prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been em-
ploy'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march
unto him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sove-
reign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the com-
bat too!

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble
prince!

Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, fa-
vour him.

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them
leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus ex-
claim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with
whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done
me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here with envious carping tongue, Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves Did represent my master's blushing cheeks, When stubbornly he did repugn the truth, About a certain question in the law, Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him; With other vile and ignominious terms:

In confutation of which rude reproach, And in defence of my lord's worthiness, I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord: For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit, To set a gloss upon his bold intent, Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him; And he first took exceptions at this badge, Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, Such factious emulations shall arise!—

Good cousins, both of York and Somerset, Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,

And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone; Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate! Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd, With this immodest clamorous outrage To trouble and disturb the king and us?

And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well, To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less, to take occasion from their mouths To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;

Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause,— And you, my lords,—remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation: If they perceive dissension in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree, How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

Beside, What infamy will there arise, When foreign princes shall be certified, That, for a toy, a thing of no regard, King Henry's peers, and chief nobility, Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?

O, think upon the conquest of my father, My tender years; and let us not forego That for a trifle, that was bought with blood! Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife. I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious I more incline to Somerset, than York: Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both: As well they may upbraid me with my crown, Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd. But your discretions better can persuade, Than I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace, So let us still continue peace and love.— Cousin of York, we institute your grace To be our regent in these parts of France: And good my lord of Somerset, unite Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors, Go cheerfully together, and digest Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest, After some respite, will return to Calais; From thence to England; where I hope ere long To be presented, by your victories, With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. Exeunt King HENRY, GLO. SOM. WIN. SUF. and BASSET.]

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not, In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist, he did,—But let it rest; Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.]

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out, I fear we should have seen decipher'd there More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd. But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees

This jarring discord of nobility, This should'ring of each other in the court,

This factious bandying of their favourites, But that it doth presage some ill event.

Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;

But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

France. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpet,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and Others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing
fire ;

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

On us thou canst not enter, but by death :
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight :
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :
On either hand thee there are squadrons
pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo ! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal ;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and
dead.

[Drum afar off.

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
bell,

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul ;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c. from the Walls.

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy ;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their
wings.—

O, negligent and heedless discipline !
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !

VOL: II:

If we be English deer, be then in blood :
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch ;
But rather moddy-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my
friends.—

God, and Saint George ! Talbot, and Eng-
land's right !

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight !

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Plains in Gascony.

*Enter YORK, with Forces ; to him a Mes-
senger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd
again,

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord ; and give
it out,

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his
power,

To fight with Talbot : As he march'd along,
By your espials were discover'd

Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin
led ;

Which join'd with him, and made their march
for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset ;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier :
God comfort him in this necessity !
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot ;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction :
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux,
York !

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
honour.

York. O God ! that Somerset—who in
proud heart

Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place !
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the dis-
tress'd lord !

York. He dies, we lose ; I break my war-
like word ;

We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they
daily get ;

All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Tal-
bot's soul !

And on his son, young John ; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father !
This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas ! what joys shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave ?
Away ! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—

Lucy, farewell : no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Bloise, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,

'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth :—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces ; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.

Som. It is too late ; I cannot send them now :
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted ; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure :
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, sir William ? whether were you sent ?

Lucy. Whether, my lord ? from bought and sold lord Talbot ;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds :
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alencon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims ;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies ; he might have sent and had the horse :

I owe him little duty, and less love ;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot :
Never to England shall he bear his life ;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go ; I will despatch the horsemen straight :

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue ; he is ta'en or slain ;

For fly he could not, if he would have fled ;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The English Camp, near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee,

To tutor thee in stratagems of war ;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars !—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavowed danger :
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight : come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ?

And shall I fly ? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me :
The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay ; and father do you fly :

Your loss is great, so your regard should be ;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me,
Upon my death the French can little boast ;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done :

You fled for vantage every one will swear ;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb ?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name ; Shall flight abuse it ?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die ?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame ?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide :
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee,
fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die ;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. A Field of Battle.

Alarum. Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight :
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot ?—pause, and take thy breath ;

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father ! twice am I thy son ;
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done ;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy ; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered ;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus : *Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood
of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my
brave boy :—*

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care ;

Art thou not weary, John ? How dost thou fare ?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly ?
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?

Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead ;
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :

By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day :

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame :

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart :

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die :

And like me to the peasant boys of France ;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance !

Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son :

Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire
of Crete,

Thou Icarus ; thy life to me is sweet :
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side ;

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life ?—mine own is gone ;—

O, where's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity !
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee :—

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son
is borne!

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us
here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbot's, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd
death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Brave death by speaking, whether he will,
or no;

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who
should say—
Had death been French, then death had died
to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's
grave. *[Dies.]*

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant,
leaving the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES,
ALENCON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PU-
CELLE, and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought
rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's,
raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's
blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I
said,

Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestic high scorn,—
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a no-
ble knight:

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's won-
der.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we
have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a
French Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou
sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere
French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our
prison is.

But tell whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Va-
lence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of
Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival
of Sheffield,

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror, and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your
faces!

O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies; that I may bear them
hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's
ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding
spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep
them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em
what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, & EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,

The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have my lord; and their intent is this,—

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,

It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years
are young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, in a Cardinal's habit.

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.

Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—

I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, [*To the Amb.*] pledge of my affection.

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King HENRY and Train; GLOSTER, EXETER, and Ambassadors.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive

The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer
our drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles
of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn
to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prythee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the
warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not
there;

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:
Command the conquest, Charles; it shall be
thine;

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; And France be
fortunate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. Before Angiers.**Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.**Puc.* The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;
And, ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents!

[Thunder.]

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!*Enter Fiends.*This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk about, and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.]

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.**York.* Damsel of France, I think I have
you fast:Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.*Puc.* Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst
not be.*York.* O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper
man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles,
and thee!And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!*York.* Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold
thy tongue.*Puc.* I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a
while.*York.* Curse, miscreant, when thou comest
to the stake. [Exeunt.]*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.**Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my pri-
soner, [Gazes on her.]O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [Kisses her hand.] for
eternal peace:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to
a king,

The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says
—no.As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fye, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pri-
soner?Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses
rough.*Mar.* Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name
be so,—What ransome must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.*Suf.* How canst thou tell she will deny thy
suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside.]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ran-
some must I pay?*Suf.* She's beautiful; and therefore to be
woo'd;

She is a woman; therefore to be won. [Aside.]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea,
or no?*Suf.* Fond man! remember, that thou hast
a wife:

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.]

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will
not hear.*Suf.* There all is marr'd; there lies a cool-
ing card.*Mar.* He talks at random; sure, the man is
mad.*Suf.* And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom? Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, And peace established between these realms. But there remains a scruple in that too: For though her father be the king of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor, And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.— Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush: women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile, Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you, If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand, And set a precious crown upon thy head, If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am To woo so fair a dame to be his wife, And have no portion in the choice myself. How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A. Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the Walls.

Suf. See, Regnier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep, Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord: Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,) Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king; Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto And this her easy-held imprisonment Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows, That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I descend, To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the Walls.*

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child.

Fit to be made companion with a king:

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou, Free from oppression, or the stroke of war, My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her; And those two counties, I will undertake, Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name, As deputy unto that gracious king, Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffick of a king:

And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*

I'll over then to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemnized;

So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes praise, and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;

No princely commendation to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again.— No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fye, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk

Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*]

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

No, misconceiv'd! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,

Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live:

Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;

It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French:
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquer'd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means

Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to CHARLES.*]

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*]

So, now dismiss your army when you please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK, GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er
presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds :
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds :
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that ?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a
king,

The king of Naples, and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant libe-
ral dower ;

While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so
your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich ;
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship :
Not whom we will, but whom his grace af-
fects,

Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom shall we match, with Henry, being a
king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king :
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with
me,

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but
she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of
your report,

My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to
France;

Agree to any covenants: and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and
last. [*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus
he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the
king;

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit.*

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Persons represented.

King HENRY the SIXTH.

HUMPHREY Duke of Gloster, his uncle.

Cardinal BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the King,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York:

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.

Duke of SOMERSET,

Duke of SUFFOLK,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Lord CLIFFORD,

Young CLIFFORD, his son,

Earl of SALISBURY,

Earl of WARWICK,

Lord SCALES, Governor of the Tower.

Lord SAY.

Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother.

Sir JOHN STANLEY.

A sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate,
and WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with SUFFOLK.

A Herald. VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, two Priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer.

PETER, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, an impostor. Two Murderers.

JACK CADE, a rebel.

GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, the weaver,
MICHAEL, &c. his followers.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.

MARGERY JOURDAIN, a witch.

Wife to SIMPCOX.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

Scene—dispersedly in various parts of England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets; then Hautboys.

Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your excellence, To marry princess Margaret for your grace; So in the famous ancient city Tours,— In presence of the kings of France and Sicil, The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alencon, Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,— I have performed my task, and was espous'd: And humbly now upon my bended knee, In sight of England and her lordly peers, Deliver up my title in the queen

To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent;

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,

The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love,

Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord:

The mutual conference that my mind hath had—

By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

In courtly company, or at my beads,—

With you mine alder-lieftest sovereign,

Makes me the bolder to salute my king

With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,

And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;

Such is the fullness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice, welcome my love.

All. Long live, queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the Duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father—*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and

Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,

With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house,

Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept
in awe?

And hath his highness in his infancy

Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?

And shall these labours and these honours die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?

O peers of England, shameful is this league!

Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame:

Blotting your names from books of memory:

Razing the characters of your renown:

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;

Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

This peroration with such circumstance?

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the
roast,

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine

Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died
for all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy:—

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant
son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:

For, were there hope to conquer them again,

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes
no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;

Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,

Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,

That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

France should have torn and rent my very
heart,

Before I would have yielded to this league.

I never read but England's kings have had

Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their
wives:

And our king Henry gives away his own,

To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,

That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,

For costs and charges in transporting her!

She should have staid in France, and starv'd
in France,

Before—

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot ;

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out : Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

Car. So there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy :

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;

And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown ;

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circum-
spect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of
Gloster ;*

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
voice—

Jesu maintain your royal excellence ;

With—*God preserve the good duke Hum-
phrey !*

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our so-
vereign,

He being of age to govern of himself ?—

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—

We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his
seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook
delay ;

I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-
phrey's pride,

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal ;

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes in the land beside ;

If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be pro-
tector,

Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows
him.

While these do labour for their own prefer-
ment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—

More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—

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Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age !

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-
keeping,

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline ;

Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,

When thou were regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the
people :—

Join we together, for the public good ;

In what we can to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;

And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's
deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves
the land,

And common profit of his country !

York. And so says York, for he hath great-
est cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look
unto the main.

War. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is
lost ;

That Maine, which by main force Warwick
did win,

And would have kept, so long as breath did
last :

Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant
Maine ;

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the
French ;

Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :

Suffolk concluded on the articles ;

The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair

daughter.

I cannot blame them all ; What is't to them ?

'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :

While as the silly owner of the goods

Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless
hands,

And shakes his head, and trembling stands
aloof,

While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;

Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,

While his own lands are bargain'd for, and
sold.

Methinks, the realms of England, France, and
Ireland,

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,

As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French,
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his
own;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown.
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:

Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear

bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at

jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose

With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fum'd;

And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;

And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England
down. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ri-
pen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his

brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?

Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?

If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with

mine:
And, having both together heav'd it up,

We'll both together lift our heads to heaven:
And never more abase our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love

thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:

And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me

sad.
Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me,
and I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge,
in court,

Was broke in twain, by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;

And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of

Somerset,
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.

This was my dream; what it doth bode, God
knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argu-
ment,

That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,

In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are

crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd

to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-
right:

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;

And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so

choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?

Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness'
pleasure,

You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow pre-
sently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*
Follow I must, I cannot go before,

While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? sir John! nay, fear
not, man,

We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.
Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What sayest thou, majesty! I am

but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and

Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou man? hast thou
as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show
your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the
questions:

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry,
man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit Duchess.*]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the
duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John
Hume?

Seal up your lips, and give no words but—
mum!

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made duke of
Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring hu-
mour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say,—A crafty knave does need no
broker;

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;

And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my
lord protector will come this way by and by,
and then we may deliver our supplications in
the quill.

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for
he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARUT.

1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the
queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke
of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing
with me?

1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took
ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription] *To
my lord protector!* are your supplications to
his lordship? Let me see them: What is
thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace,
against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's
man, for keeping my house, and lands, and
wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife, too? that is some wrong, in-
deed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*]
*Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing
the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir
knave?

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner
of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against
my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That
the duke of York was rightful heir to the
crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke
of York say, he was rightful heir to the
crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth:
my master said, That he was; and that the
king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—
Take this fellow in, and send for his master
with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more
of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be
protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Petition.*]
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this
the guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;

I thought king Henry had resembled thee,

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:

His champions are—the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

His study in his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would, the college of cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to

Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head;

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause.

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife;
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns her poverty;
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.

As for the duke of York,—this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all 's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son;—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—

If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. [*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her Fan.*]

Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the Duchess a box on the Ear.*]
I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby;

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit Duchess.*]

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,

She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law :
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country !
But, to the matter that we have in hand :—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That I can witness ; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold
my peace ?

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in
HORNER and PETER.*

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of
treason :

Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a
traitor ?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell
me : What are these ?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these ;—that Richard, duke
of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I
never said nor thought any such matter :
God is my witness, I am falsely accused by
the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [*Hold-
ing up his Hands.*] he did speak them to me
in the garret one night, as we were scouring
my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech ;—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I
spake the words. My accuser is my prentice ;
and when I did correct him for his fault the
other day, he did vow upon his knees he
would be even with me : I have good wit-
ness of this ; therefore, I beseech your ma-
jesty, do not cast away an honest man for a
villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this
in law ?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

Because in York this breeds suspicion :
And let these have a day appointed the
For single combat in convenient place ;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice :
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's
doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset.
We make your grace lord regent o'er the
French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for
God's sake, pity my case ! the spite of man
prevaileth against me. O, Lord, have mercy
upon me ! I shall never be able to fight a
blow : O Lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be
hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison : and
the day

Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.
*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTH-
WELL and BOLINGBROKE.*

Hume. Come, my masters ; the duchess, I
tell you, expects performance of your pro-
mises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore
provided : Will her ladyship behold and hear
our exorcisms ?

Hume. Ay ; What else ? fear you not her
courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a
woman of an invincible spirit : But it shall
be convenient, master Hume, that you be by
her aloft, while we be busy below ; and so, I
pray you, go in God's name, and leave us.
[*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you pro-
strate, and grovel on the earth :—John Stuth-
well, read you ; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, above.

Duch. Well said, my masters ; and wel-
come all. To this geer ; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady ; wizards know
their times :

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire :
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs
howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their
graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not ; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies ap-
pertaining, and make the circle ; BO-
LINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads,
Conjuro, te, &c. It thunders and light-
ens terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.*]

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from
hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had
said and done!

*Boling. First, of the King. What shall
of him become?*

[Reading out of a paper.

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall
depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL
writes the answer.

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of
Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his
end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of
Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the
burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily
with their Guards, and others.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and
their trash.

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and
commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to Eng-
land's king.

Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What
call you this? [Shewing her the papers.

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with
us:—

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[Exit Duchess, from above.

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming
All.—Away!

[Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH. BOLING. &c.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you
watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[Reads.

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

Why, this is just.

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

*Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.*

Come come, my lords:

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress toward Saint
Albans,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can
carry them;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my
lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Alban's.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET.
GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with
Falconers hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, my lords, for flying
at the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your
falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—

To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft.

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he'd be above
the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think
you by that?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to
heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes
and thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

Tantane animis caelestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;

An't like your lordly lord protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,

Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,

For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,

Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that! [*Aside to the Cardinal.*]

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

[*Aside.*]

Car. Aye, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

[*Aside.*]

K. Hen. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to GLO.*]

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*]

Car. *Medice teipsum;*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. } [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. The winds grow high: so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight; A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a Chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,

To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord,

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee;

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep

By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true: and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly

To nominate them all, 's impossible——

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;

And would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [Exit an Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. (A stool brought out.) Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone. You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord?—Come on, sirrah: off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry, A miracle!

K. Hen. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;

You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches; and with conjurors:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from underground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turned your weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour. [Aside to GLOSTER.]

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!

Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers:

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the
wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads there-
by!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of
thy nest;

And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do
appeal,

How I have lov'd my king, and common-
weal:

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is; but if she have forgot

Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her, my bed, and company;

And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,

That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will
repose us here:

To-morrow, toward London, back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause

prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury
and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,

In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is infallible to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim
be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of

Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the

third,

Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;

The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;

The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke

of Gloster;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and

last.

Edward, the Black Prince, died before his

father;

And left behind him Richard, his only son,

Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd

as king;

Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful
king;

Sent his poor Queen to France, from whence
she came,

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and
not by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without
an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from
whose line

I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a
daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of
March,

Edmund had issue—Roger, Earl of March:—
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Elea-
nor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-
broke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;

And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.

But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth
son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence.

So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceedings are more
plain than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of
Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claims it from the third,
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—

Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together,
And, in this private plot, be we the first,

That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard,
England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not
your king

Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be
stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;

But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,

Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:

'Tis that they seek: and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your
mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of
Warwick

Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of War-
wick

The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of Justice.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY,
Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK,
and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER,
MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME,
and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cob-
ham, Gloster's wife:

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;

[*To JOURD., &c.*]

From thence, unto the place of execution;
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to
ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows.—

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man,

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome
were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath
judged thee;

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the DUCHESS, and the other
prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would
ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster:
ere thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of
years
Should be to be protected like a child.—

God and king Henry govern England's helm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my
staff;

As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king: When I am dead and
gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and
Margaret queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce him-
self,

That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at
once,—

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught:—There let it
stand,

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs
his sprays:

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your
majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely
therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all
things fit;

Here let them end it and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter on one side, HORNER, and his neigh-
bours drinking to him so much that he is
drunk; and he enters bearing his staff
with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum
before him; at the other side PETER, with
a drum and a similar staff, accompanied
by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink
to you in a cup of sack: And fear not, neigh-
bour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup
of charneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double
beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge
you all; And a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and
be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy
master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for
me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my
last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an
if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou
shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take

all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man; and touching the duke of York—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: And, therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

York. Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

York. Take away his weapon;—Fellow, Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt: And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess: Uneath may she endure the flinty streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook The abject people, gazing on thy face, With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame; That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

See, how the giddy multitude do point, And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks; And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame, And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife, And, thou a prince, protector of this land, Methinks, I should not thus be led along, Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back; And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans, The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet; And, when I start, the envious people laugh, And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke? Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world; Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun? No; dark shall be my light, and night my day; To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell. Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land: Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was, As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess, Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock, To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame; Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,— And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings, And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd, Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry; I must offend before I be attainted: And had I twenty times so many foes, And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe, So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless. Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's
parliament, holden at Bury the first of this
next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein
before!

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master she-
riff,

Let not her penance exceed the king's com-
mission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my com-
mission stays:

And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady
here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please
your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me
not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to
speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*]

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go
with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I pry'thee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of
Man;

There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but re-
proach:

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Hum-
phrey's lady,

According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I
fare;

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon
me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is dis-
charg'd.—

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw
off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with
my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

*Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY,
Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BRAUFORT,
SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and
Others.*

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not
come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not
observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself;

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time, since he was mild and af-
fable;

And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

Immediately he was upon his knee,

That all the court admir'd him for submis-
sion:

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

When every one will give the time of day,

He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin:

But great men tremble, when the lion roars:

And Humphrey is no little man in England.

First, note, that he is near you in descent;

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

And his advantage following your decease,—

That he should come about your royal person,

Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;

And, when he please to make commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the
garden,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,

Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,

I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk—Buckingham—and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
(As next the king, he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?

Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

VOL. II.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign;
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—

Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!

That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

2 C

I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special
hope,

That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dan-
gerous!

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know, their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island
happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:

But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart:

And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:—

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
Myself had notice of your conventicles,

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;

The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your
grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
here,

With ignominious words, though clerkly
couch'd,

As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to
chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose
indeed;

Beshrew the winners, for they played me
false!

And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us
here all day:—

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard
him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his
crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee
first.

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms
seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave
the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd
with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;

For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty!
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to
come,

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy
faith.

What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our
queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man
wrong:

And as the butcher takes away the calf
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it
strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him
hence.

And as the dam runs low'ing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one
went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's
loss;

Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd
eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each
groan,

Say—*Who's a traitor?* Gloster he is none.

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with
the sun's hot beams.

Henry, my lord, is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers:
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a
child,

That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise
than I,

(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:

'Tis meet, he be condemned by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,

Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead: for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
amain,
To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword;

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,

Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient; stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:

'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-set policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.

I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York:—sweet Somerset be still;—

Thy fortune, York, had'st thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And, what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,

That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,

At Bristol I expect my soldiers:
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*
2 C 2

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
 And change misdoubt to resolution:
 Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
 Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
 Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.
 Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought
 on thought;
 And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
 My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
 Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
 To send me packing with an host of men:
 I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 'Twas me I lack'd, and you will give them me:
 I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
 I will stir up in England some black storm,
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden circuit on my head,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
 John Cade, of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
 Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen him
 Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 Full often like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy;
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured:
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*Bury. A Room in the Palace.**Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk! let him know,
 We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
 Did'st ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter SUFFOLK.*1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you Despatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.
 The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
 Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,

According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.*Suf.* Away, begone!

[Exeunt Murderers.]

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords and Others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
 Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
 He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
 That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
 Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now; why look'st thou pale; why tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
 The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord!—Help, lords!
the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the
nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry,
ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again;—Madam, be
patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk
comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-
ing:—

Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy:
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead!

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suf-
folk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with
groans,

Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking
sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:

So shall my name with slander's tongue be
wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched
man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched
than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

Erect his statue then, and worship it,

And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;

And twice by aukward wind from England's
bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen
caves:

And bid them blow towards England's blessed
shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd
on shore,

With tears as salt as sea through thy unkind-
ness:

The splitting rocks caw'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged
sides;

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us
back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea re-
ceiv'd it:

And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido, would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am not I witch'd like her? or thou not false
like him?

Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALIS-
BURY. The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is mur-
der'd

By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick,
'tis too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Sa-
lisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner Room,
and SALISBURY retires.]

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay
my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
life!

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are
thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered
dead in his Bed: WARWICK and others
standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave
is made:
For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon
him

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue!

What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his
face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and blood-
less,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er re-
turneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength sub-
du'd.

Look on the sheets, his hair you see, is stick-
ing;

His well-proportioned beard made rough and
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;

The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the
duke to death?

Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke
Humphrey's foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these no-
blemen

As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleed-
ing fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the
slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk;
where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his ta-
lons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping
men:

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false
Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious
spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand
times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may
I say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demean-
our

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou
art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me
mild,

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:

And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy
blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence :

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?

Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A Noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their Weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords ? your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence ? dare you be so bold ?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart ; the king shall know your mind.—

[*Speaking to those within.*]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,

And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died ;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;

And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary, you were wak'd ;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make thee sleep eternal :

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, wh'e'ryou will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign :
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are :
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we'll all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care :
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word :
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable :—

If, after three days space, thou here be'st found,

On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransome for thy life,—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.*]

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you !

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company !
There's two of you ; the devil make a third !
And threefold vengeance, tend upon your steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch !

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

Suf. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrakes groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave :
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words :

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss:
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[Kisses his hand.]

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence:
A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world;

And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;

Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news I prythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his overcharged soul:

And I am sent to tell his majesty,

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king. [Exit VAUX.]

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

Why only Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

And with the southern clouds contend in tears;

Their's for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming?

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:

And in thy sight to die, what were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,

Dying with mother's dug between his lips:

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;

From thee to die, were torture more than death:

O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk; Let me hear from thee;

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;

This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[Exeunt, severally.]

SCENE III.

London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks
to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial, when you
will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands
upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the hea-
vens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do
make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peace-
ably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good
pleasure be!

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's
bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope—
He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive
him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous
life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sin-
ners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Kent. *The sea-shore near Dover.*

*Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a
Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate,
WALTER WHITMORE, and Others; with
them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen,
prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the
jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our
prize;

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransome on the
sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd
shore.—

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee:—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of
this;

The other, [*Pointing to SUFFOLK,*] Walter
Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransome, master? let
me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down
your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off
goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two
thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you
shall;

The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty
sum.

1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare
my life.

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for
it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize
aboard,

And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[*To Suf.*]

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransome, let him
live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentle-
man;

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is—Walter
Whitmore.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death
affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound
is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me—that by *Walter* I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I
care not;

Ne'er did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;

Therefore, when, merchant-like, I sell re-
venge,

Broke he my sword, my arms torn and de-
fac'd.

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold of SUFFOLK.*]

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke?
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
From my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest fallen;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink: whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks,
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire: whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
Cap. Walter,——
Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*;—'tis thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave,
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabbed Julius Cæsar: savage islanders,

Pompey the great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit *SUF.* with *WHIT.* and *Others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransome we have set,

It is our pleasure, one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S Body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends:
O will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the Body.*

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True: And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick, the butcher;—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith, the weaver:—

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and Others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*

Cade. — for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies.

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shali have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now; who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die,—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: he shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Forces.

Staf. Rebellions hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows,—Lay your weapons down,

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer,
earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself.
[*Aside.*—Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the Two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not,) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two Parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, reading a Supplication; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's Head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate:

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep,
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:

For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

Ru'd, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

VOL. II.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house:
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger;

The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens

Fly and forsake their houses:

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [*To Lord SAY.*]
trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord SCALES, and Others, on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain!

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

2 D

But I am troubled here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your
lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city.
And here, sitting upon London-stone I charge
and command, that, of the city's cost, the pis-
sing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this
first year of our reign. And now, hencefor-
ward, it shall be treason for any that calls me
other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.

They kill him.

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never
call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a
very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered
together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them:
But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire;
and, if you can, burn down the Tower too.
Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull
down the Savoy; others to the inns of court;
down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship thou shalt have it for
that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may
come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he
was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis
not whole yet. [Aside.]

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law;
for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.
[Aside.]

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so.
Away, burn all the records of the realm; my
mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting sta-
tutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [Aside.]

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be
in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the
lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he
that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and
one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten
times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou
buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank
of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou
answer to my majesty, for giving up of Nor-
mandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin
of France? Be it known unto thee, by these
presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer,
that I am the besom that must sweep the court
clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most
traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm,
in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas,
before, our fore-fathers had no other books but
the score and the tally, thou hast caused print-
ing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his
crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-
mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou
hast men about thee, that usually talk of a
noun, and a verb; and such abominable words,
as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou
hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor
men before them about matters they were not
able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put
them in prison; and because they could not
read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed,
only for that cause they have been most worthy
to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost
thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy
horse wear a cloak, when honest men than
thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as my-
self for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra*
mala gens.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he
speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where,
you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy:
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could
never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and
you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book prefer'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
heaven,—

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when strucks't thou one blow in
the field!

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft
have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come
behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for
your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that
will make e'm red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's
causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then,
and the pap of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should
say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head
will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him
away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended
most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-
shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful
thoughts.

O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his
words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it
be but for pleading so well for his life. Away
with him! he has a familiar under his tongue:
he speaks not o'God's name. Go, take him
away, I say, and strike off his head presently;
and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir
James Cromer, and strike off his head, and
bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make
your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I com-
mand ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear
a head on his shoulders, unless be married,
tribute; there shall not a maid

but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere
they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*;
and we charge and command, that their wives
be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-
side, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord
SAY and his Son-in-Law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them
kiss one another, for they loved well, when
they were alive. Now part them again, lest
they consult about the giving up of some more
towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of
the city until night: for with these borne
before us, instead of maces, will we ride
through the streets; and, at every corner
have them kiss.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his
Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'
corner! kill and knock down! throw them
into Thames!—[*A Parley sounded, then a
Retreat.*—What noise is this I hear? Dare
any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD
with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will
disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the
king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,

That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye
relent,

And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his
pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say—God save his ma-
jesty!

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to

quake,

Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford,
are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do
ye believe him? will you needs be hanged
with your pardons about your necks? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London
gates, that you should leave me at the White
Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would
never have given out these arms, till you had
recovered your ancient freedom: but you are
all recreants, and dastards; and delight to
live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break
your backs with burdens, take your houses
over your heads, ravish your wives and
daughters before your faces; For me,—I will
make shift for one; and so—God's curse light
upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade! we'll follow Cade!
Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
 That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
 Will he conduct you through the heart of
 France,
 And make the meanest of you earls and
 dukes?

Alas, he has no home, no place to fly to;
 Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
 Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
 Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
 The fearful French, whom you late van-
 quished,
 Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish
 you?

Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
 I see them lording it in London streets,
 Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
 Better, ten thousand base-born Cades mis-
 carry,
 Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
 mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have
 lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast;
 Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
 king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown
 to and fro, as this multitude? the name of
 Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred
 mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate.
 I see them lay their heads together to sur-
 prise me: my sword make way for me, for
 here is no staying.—In despite of the devils
 and hell, have through the very midst, of you!
 and heavens and honour be witness, that no
 want of resolution in me, but only my fol-
 lowers, base and ignominious treasons, makes
 me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*]

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and fol-
 low him;

And he, that brings his head unto the king,
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*]

Follow me, soldiers, we'll devise mean
 To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and
 SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the Castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an
 earthly throne,
 And could command no more content than I?
 No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
 But I was made a king, at nine months old:
 Was never subject long'd to be a king,
 As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your
 majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor,
 Cade, surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of CADE's Fol-
 lowers, with Halters about their Necks.*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers
 do yield;

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
 Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy ever-
 lasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
 Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your
 lives,

And showed how well you love your prince
 and country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,
 And Henry, though he be unfortunate,

Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:

And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
 I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the
 king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be adver-
 tised,

The duke of York is newly come from Ire-
 land:

And with a puissant and a mighty power,
 Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,

Is marching hitherward in proud array;
 And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,

His arms are only to remove from thee
 The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a

traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade
 and York distress'd;

Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
 Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a
 pirate:

But now is Cade driven back, his men dis-
 pers'd;

And now is York in arms to second him.—

I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet
 him;

And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the

Tower:—

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in
 terms;

For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard lan-
 guage.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to
 deal,

As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
 govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched
 reign. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fye on ambition! fye on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good; for, many a time, but for this sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in: and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?

Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a

door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou can'st outface me with thy looks,
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God, on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, dragging out the Body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other

enter YORK attended, with Drum and Colours: his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :
 Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 To entertain great England's lawful king.
 Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold :
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
 A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul ;
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
 Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms ;
 And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
 I am far better born than is the king :
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts :

But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
 Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while:
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither.

Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;
 The duke of Somerset is in the tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—

Soldiers, I thank you all: disperse yourselves;
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
 And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

Command my eldest son—nay, all my sons,
 As pledges of my fealty and love,
 I'll send them all as willing as I live ;
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission ;

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
 York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor, Somerset, from hence ;

And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
 Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

May pass into the presence of a king,
 Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
 The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Greta God how just art thou!

O, let me view his visage being dead,
 That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name ;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down; [*He kneels.*]
 Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;
 And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
 And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen :

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king ;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

I know ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody-scurge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old CLIFFORD and his Son.

See where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*]

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee,

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him? is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That, with the very shaking of their chains,

They may astonish these fell lurking curs;

Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself

The title of this most renowned duke;

And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me.

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;

But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right;

And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him
arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends
thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams
prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream
again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old
Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,

(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy
bear,

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in
spite,

For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than
thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in
hell. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick
calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
steed;

But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some
other chace,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly York; 'tis for a crown
thou fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

Exit WARWICK.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why
dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be
in love,

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise
and esteem,

But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy
sword,

As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee in-
stantly.

[They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [Dies.]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for
thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[Exit.]

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the
rout:

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly;
He that is truly dedicate to war,

Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour.—O, let the vile world
end, [Seeing his father dead.]

And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds

To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone; and, while 'tis

mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men

spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire:
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[Taking up the Body.]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:

But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit.]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
still:

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY
Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for
shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good
Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not
fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way: and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through our neglect,)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes
made,

May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mis-
chief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

*Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter
YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WAR-*

*WICK, and Soldiers, with Drum and Co-
lours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met
him;

And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou
fought to-day;

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you
Richard:

God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-
day

You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we
have;

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we
can,

Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets:—and to London
all;

And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Persons represented.

King HENRY the SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales*, his Son.
LEWIS XI., *King of France*.

Duke of SOMERSET,
Duke of EXETER,
Earl of OXFORD,
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
Earl of WESTMORELAND,
Lord CLIFFORD,

Lords on
King
Henry's
side.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York*:
EDWARD, *Earl of March*, after-
wards King EDWARD IV.

EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland*,
GEORGE, afterwards *Duke of*
Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards *Duke of*
Glocester,

his
Sons.

Sir JOHN MORTIMER, } Uncles to the
Sir HUGH MORTIMER, } *Duke of York*.
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond*, a youth.

Duke of NORFOLK,
Marquis of MONTAGUE,
Earl of WARWICK,
Earl of PEMBROKE,
Lord HASTINGS,
Lord STAFFORD,
Lord RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey. Sir
WILLIAM STANLEY. Sir JOHN MONT-
GOMERY. Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE. Tutor
to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant
of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers.
A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Fa-
ther. A Father that has killed his Son.

Of the
Duke of York's
Party.

Queen MARGARET.
Lady GREY, afterwards Queen to Ed-
ward IV.
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.
Soldiers, and other Attendants on King
Henry and King Edward, Messengers,
Watchmen, &c.

Scene, during part of the third Act, in France; during all the rest of the Play in
England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament House.*

*Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party
break in. Then, Enter the Duke of
YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK,
MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Others, with
white Roses in their Hats.*

War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our
hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of
the north,

He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland;
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking
in,

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buck-
ingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*]

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wilt-
shire's blood, [*To YORK, showing his.*]
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them
what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET'S
Head.*]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my
sons.—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of So-
merset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John
of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's
head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of
York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat : possess it, York :

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords ;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council :

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be called,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king ;

And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares :—

Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*WARWICK leads YORK to the Throne, who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and Others, with red Roses in their Hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state ! belike, he means, (Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)

To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;—

And thine, lord Clifford ; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me !

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this ? let's pluck him down :

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltrons, and such as he ;

He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin ; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet :

I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down ; he made thee duke of York,

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown, In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king ?

War. True, Clifford : and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne ?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster :

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,

That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief ;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more ; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger, As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless threats !

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown ?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*To York.*] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;

For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown.

Ere. No: for he could not so resign his crown,

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But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Ere. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Ere. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd; 'tis not thy southern power,—

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—

Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, bethy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O, Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—

What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—

Let me, for this my life time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,
and WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard
them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will
not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick,
but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath,

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will
perform. [*Coming from the Throne.*

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet,
embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy
forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are recon-
ciled.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make
them foes!

[*Senet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to
my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my sol-
diers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I
came.

[*Exeunt* YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK,
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and
Attendants.

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to
the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and the Prince
of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks
bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow
thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I
will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such ex-
tremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Had'st thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood:
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood
there,

Rather than make that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon
me, sweet son;—

The Earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd
me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and
wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous
wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow
seas:

The duke is made protector of the realm:

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds

The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their
pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy
colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them
spread:

And spread they shall be: to thy foul dis-
grace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;

Our army's ready; Come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear
me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already;
get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt
stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his ene-
mies.

Prince. When I return with victory from
the field,

I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not
linger thus.

[*Exeunt* Queen MARGARET, and the Prince.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and
to her son,

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke;

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart:

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them
all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now;

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:

I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou can'st not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears:

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

Within whose circuit is Elysium,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—

Brother, thou shalt to London presently, And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk, And tell him privily of our intent.—

You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham, With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust: for they are soldiers, Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.— While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise: And yet the king not privy to my drift, Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men;

And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—

My brother Montague shall post to London!

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we have left the protectors of the king,

With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;

The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; What should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?

Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or,
is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey:
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel, threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives,
and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore— [Lifting his hand.]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore die.

[CLIFFORD stabs him.]

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua!* [Dies.]

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:

But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*

And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*

And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [A short Alarum within.]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue:
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:

The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And, in thy thought o'errun my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. *[Draws.]*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all 'vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net. *[YORK is taken prisoner.]*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water at his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper Crown on his Head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

Till our king Henry has shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable;—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take him to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?

But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would essay, proud queen, to make thee blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen:

Unless the adage must be verified,—

That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share hereof is small:

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government, that makes them seem divine:

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:

Would'st thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown,
my curse;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;

Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;

Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmi'd like a young man, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord,

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd
Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high de-
spite;

Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he
wept,

The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
slain:

And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean
upon;

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;

And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd
thee!—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence; that this my
body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's
moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart:

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden:

For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would
quench.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge, for
me!—

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left
with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's
bird,

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
say;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE,
with Forces.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare?
what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should
recount

Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliver-
ance,

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the
wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Planta-
genet,

Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemp-
tion,

Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news
in tears:

And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.

After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest
gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Where brought me of your loss, and his depart

I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,

And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the

queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:

For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent

To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succes-
sion.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely

fought:

But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,

That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;

Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,

I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;

Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—

Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,

With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;

Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my-
self,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard you were,

Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to
England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:

And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;

Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourninggowns,

Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,

With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather, many more prond birds,

Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,

His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London, all the crew are gone,

To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,

Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,

And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;

And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)

Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;

The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward—valiant Richard—Montague—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,

But sound the trumpets, and about our task:

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds)
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?
Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors:
Let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before York.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of Wales, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,

Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!

Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault:
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandsire

got,
My careless father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with
him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the
orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did
know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits;
our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers
faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward
son;

Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in
right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly
leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward
prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of
York;

And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart
the field:
The queen hath best success when you are
absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to
our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; there-
fore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble
lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry *Saint*
George!

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RI-
CHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTA-
GUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt to kneel
for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud in-
sulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his
knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke, for as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the
crown,—

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot
speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer
thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,
was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to
the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou
yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd War-
wick? dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now
'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you
fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove
me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst
make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reve-
rently;—

Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a
child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous
coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords,
and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close
thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my
tongue;

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this
meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right,
or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the
crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy
head;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick
says is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother
stands;

For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire,
nor dam;

But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art
extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thou-
sand crowns,

To make this shameless callet know herself—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin
stoop:

And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day:
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for
him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of
France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy
pride?

Had'st thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we saw our sunshine made
thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit our-
selves,

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee
down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours
wave!—

And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer
stay:

These words will cause ten thousand lives
to-day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*A Field of Battle between Towton and
Saxton in Yorkshire.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a
race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their
strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heav'n! or strike, un-
gentle death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is
clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what
hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad des-
pair:

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with
wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursnit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou with-
drawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath
drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's
lance:

And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my
death!*

So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking
blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with
our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of
mine,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
And, if they thrive, promise them such rewards

As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:

Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:

This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light;

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide, to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:

Sometime, the flood prevails; and then the wind;

Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:

So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down:

To whom God will, there be the victory!

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.

'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:

For what is in this world, but grief and woe?

O God! methinks, it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

Thereby to see the minutes how they run:

How many make the hour full complete,

How many hours bring about the day,

How many days will finish up the year,

How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times:

So many hours must I tend my flock;

So many hours must I take my rest;

So many hours must I contemplate;

So many hours must I sport myself;

So many days my ewes have been with young:

So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn;

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:

So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,

Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy

To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?

O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.

And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

His wonted sleep, under a fresh tree's shade,

All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,

Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,

His viands sparkling in a golden cup,

His body couched in a curious bed,

When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead Body.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body.—

This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:

And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his
master;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their
fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody
times!

Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for
tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd
with grief.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with
the Body in his Arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers
arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and
heart!—

O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than
common grief!

O, that my death would stay these ruthless
deeds!—

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's
death,

Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of
my son,

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these
woeful chances

Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king, so griev'd for
subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep
my fill. [*Exit, with the Body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy
winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence: and let them fight that
will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the Body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone
with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince of Wales, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Ber-
wick post amain,
Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-
hounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Ere. Away! for vengeance comes along
with them;

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good
sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward: away
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it
dies,

Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to
thee;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud
York,

The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth :
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should
do,

Or as thy father, and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies ;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in
peace.

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much
lenity ?

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my
wounds ;

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :
The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me
faint :—

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the
rest ;

I stabb'd your father's bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

*Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD,
GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WAR-
WICK, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords ; good fortune
bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
looks.—

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen ;
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with
them ?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the
grave :
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*CLIFFORD groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her
heavy leave ?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's
departing.

Edw. See who it is : and now the battle's
ended,

If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis
Clifford ;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly
spring,

I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch
down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed
there :

Instead whereof, let this supply the room ;
Measure for measure must be answered.

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Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to
our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening
sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft :—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks
to thee ?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of
life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps,
he doth ;

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager
words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no
grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy
faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son
to York.

Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity
thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence
you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ! swear as
thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the
world goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an
oath :—

I know by that, he's dead ; And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off ; and with the is-
suing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : Off with the trai-
tor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to
France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen :
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not
dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again :
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine
ears.

First, will I see the coronation ;
And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let
it be :

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat ;

And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as our-
self,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George,
of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Chase in the North of England.

Enter Two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick grown brake we'll
shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will
come;

And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both
may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy
cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he
be past.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n even
of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from
thee,

Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast
anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
keeper's fee:

This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon
him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adver-
sities;

For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands
upon him.

1 Keep. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little
more.

K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to
France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding War-
wick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's
sister

To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving
words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
more:

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's
place.

O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of
kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I
was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert
a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's
enough.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is
thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on
my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content:

A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with
content,

Your crown content, and you, must be con-
tented

To go along with us: for as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and
break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry, If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, then let your king perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at St. Albans' field

This lady's husband, sir John Grey was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror;
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;

It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind? [*Aside.*]

Glo. Silence!

[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay;

May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*]

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two. [*Aside.*]

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay good leave have you; for you will have leave,

'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other side.*]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*]

Clar. As red as fire; nay, then her wax must melt. [Aside.]
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense. What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:
 That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive.
 Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
 But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
 Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
 Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
 No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [Aside.]
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [Aside.]
K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
 Her words do show her wit incomparable;
 All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
 One way, or other, she is for a king;
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
 Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
 I speak no more than what my soul intends;
 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
 I know I am too mean to be your queen;
 And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.
 Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
 Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
 To be the father unto many sons.
 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [Aside.]
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [Aside.]
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry, your foe, is taken,
 And brought your prisoner to your palace-gate.
K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
 And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
 To question of his apprehension.—
 Widow, go you along:—Lords, use her honourable.
 [Exeunt King EDWARD, Lady GREY, CLARENCE, and Lord.]
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
 'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring.
 To cross me from the golden time I look for!
 And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
 (The lustful Edward's title buried,)
 Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty:
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
 And chides the sea that sunders him from
 thence,
 Saying—he'll lade it dry, to have his way:
 So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
 And so I chide the means that keep me from
 it;
 And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities.—
 My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too
 much,
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Ri-
 chard;
 What other pleasure can the world afford?
 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and
 looks.
 O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?
 O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the
 crown;
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but
 hell,
 Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the
 thorns;
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,—
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry, content to that which grieves my
 heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more silyly than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
 I can add colours to theameleon;
 Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King,
 and Lady BONA, attended; the King
 takes his State. Then enter Queen MAR-
 GARET, Prince EDWARD her son, and the
 Earl of OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy
 Margaret, [Rising.
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
 And birth, that thou should'st stand, while
 Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now
 Margaret
 Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence
 springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine
 eyes with tears,
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd
 in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like
 thyself,
 And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
 To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
 Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my
 drooping thoughts,
 And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to
 speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
 Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
 And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn:
 While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
 Usurps the regal title, and the seat
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
 This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
 With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's
 heir,—

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:
 And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
 Our people and our peers are both misled,
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience
calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger
grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll
succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true
sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sor-
row.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to
our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's
greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What
brings thee to France?

*[Descending from his State, Queen
MARGARET rises.]*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to
rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope
is done.

War. And, gracious madam, *[To BONA]* in
our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—
hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest
love,

But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's
son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth
wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John
of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain?
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse,

You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile
at that.

But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak
against thy liege,

Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious
doom

My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my
father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward,
and Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's
words bewitch him not!

[Retiring with the Prince and OXFORD.]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even
upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
To link with him that were not lawful
chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's
eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortu-
nate.

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set
aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's
sun;

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—

Yet I confess, [*To War.*] that often ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your king must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—

Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness, That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

By this alliance to make void my suit;

Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:

But if your title to the crown be weak,—

As may appear by Edward's good success,—

Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd

From giving aid, which late I promis'd.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,

That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease:

Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen—

You have a father able to maintain you;—

And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!

I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,

Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A Horn sounded within.*]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you:

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.

These from our king unto your majesty.—

And madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[*To MARGARET.* *They all read their Letters.*]

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?

And now, to sooth your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.—

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right;

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.

And, to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to Henry:

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor;

I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers;

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him;

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear Brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,

You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return
in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou see'st what's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a wi-
dower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are
laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done
me wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't belong.
There's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit Mess.*]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward
battle:

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt?—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?—

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our queen and this young prince
agree,

I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for
your motion:

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to War-
wick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well de-
serves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These sol-
diers shall be levied,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,
MONTAGUE, and Others.*

Glo. Now, tell me, brother Clarence, what
think you

Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice!

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence
to France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes
the king.

*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, attended;
Lady GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAF-
FORD, HASTINGS, and Others.*

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I
think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how
like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the
earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judg-
ment,

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence with-
out a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Ed-
ward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my
will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because
our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you
offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and
'twere pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mis-
like, aside,

Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's
queen:

And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion,—that king
Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave
in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick
be appeas'd,

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in
such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our com-
monwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend themselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will,
and grant;

And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,

That thou art malcontent: I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment;

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;

And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,

Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;

Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over

maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.

But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower
shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?

For I have heard, that she was there in place,
Mess. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning

weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty

Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:

Tell him from me, that he hath done me
wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be
long.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter:

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.]

Glo. Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

[Aside.]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone
to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed;
Myself in person will straight follow you.

Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings;—and Montague,—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by al-
liance:

Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves
true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Ed-
ward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you
stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall with-
stand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of vic-
tory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French
and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes
well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence
come;—

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love:
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's
brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'
tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
steeds;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—

You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry Henry!

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint
George! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the
King's Tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man
take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 Watch. What, will he not to-bed?

1 Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a
solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be
the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman
is that

That with the king here resteth in his tent!

1 Watch. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's
chiefest friend.

3 Watch. O, is it so? But why commands
the king,

That his chief followers lodge in towns about
him,

While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because
more dangerous.

3 Watch. Ay; but give me worship and
quietness,

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up
his passage.

2 Watch. Ay: wherefore else guard we his
royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD,
SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand
his guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard: who fly, crying, Arm! Arm! WARWICK, and the rest, following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

Re-enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair; GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last, Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd; When you disgrac'd me in my embassy, Then I degraded you from being king, And come now to create you duke of York. Alas! how should you govern any kingdom, That know not how to use ambassadors; Nor how to be contented with one wife; Nor how to use your brothers brotherly; Nor how to study for the people's welfare; Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance, Of thee thyself, and all thy complices, Edward will always bear himself as king: Though fortune's malice overthrow my state, My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

[*Takes off his Crown.*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown, And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—

My lord of Somerset, at my request; See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd Unto my brother, archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King EDWARD, led out; SOMERSET with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free king Henry from imprisonment, And see him seated in the regal throne.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard, Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:

And, as I further have to understand, Is new committed to the bishop of York, Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may; Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day:

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair, For love of Edward's offspring in my womb: This is it that makes me bridle passion, And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs, Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head: Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.

But to prevent the tyrant's violence, (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,) I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary, To save at least the heir of Edward's right; There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud; Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly. If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, and Others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty ;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and
men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord ; for this way lies
the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man ; see, where
the huntsmen stand—

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and
the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth
haste ;

Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then ?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord : and ship from
thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was
my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy for-
wardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we ? 'tis no time to
talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt
thou go along ?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be
hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away ; let's have no more
ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell : shield thee from
Warwick's frown ;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK,
SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD,
MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and
Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God
and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat ;

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys ;

At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of
their sovereigns ;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant ? for well
using me ?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kind-
ness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee ;
He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me ;

And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;

Warwick, although my head still wear the
crown,

I here resign my government to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for
virtuous ;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,

For few men rightly temper with the stars,

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,

For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the
sway,

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,

Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace, and war ;

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for pro-
tector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me
both your hands ;

Now join your hands, and, with your hands,
your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government :

I make you both protectors of this land ;

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sove-
reign's will ?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield
consent ;

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I
be content :

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

To Henry's body, and supply his place :

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour and his ease,

And Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a trai-
tor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else ? and that succession be de-
termin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want
his part.

K. Hen. But with the first of all your chief
affairs,

Let me entreat, (for I command no more)

That Margaret your queen, and my son Ed-
ward,

Be sent for, to return from France with speed :

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with
all speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope : if secret powers

[*Lays his Hand on his Head.*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news : But how made he escape ?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,

And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him ;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, Lieutenant, and Attendants.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :

For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help ;
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond ;

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours :
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,
Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Britany.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest ;
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

VOL. II.

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,

And brought desir'd help from Burgundy :

What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this :

For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man ! abodements must not now affright us :

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom ;
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

[*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?

Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon !

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 'twere not 'long of him : but, being enter'd
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and Two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor : these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.

What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;

[*Takes his Keys.*

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. *Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John ! But why come you in arms ?

2 G

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget

Our title to the crown! and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;

I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A March begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim;

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates,

For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—

Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—

Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.—
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter K. HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,

With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;

And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;

Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,

In Oxfordshire shall muster up thy friends.—

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—

Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—

Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*Kissing HENRY's hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt. WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.
 I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
 And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[A Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!]
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,
 bear him hence,
 And once again proclaim us king of England.—
 You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;
 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
 Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak. *[Exeunt some with K. HENRY.]*
 And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
 The sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd for hay,
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and Others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
 Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence. *[Drum heard.]*

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord: here Southam lies;

The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?

Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
 And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—

Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
 And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said—the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
 I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
 And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again:
 And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
 What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
 The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower,
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet, you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood:

Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD with Drum and Colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.*]

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs,

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,

More than the nature of a brother's love:—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means;

[*Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.*]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful king?

Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath;

To keep that oath, were more impiety

Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks,—

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,

Than if thou never had'st deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way;—

Lords to the field; Saint George and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle, near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus, yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept!

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres!
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his
brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou
as we are,
We might recover all our loss again!
The queen from France hath brought a puissant
power:
Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st
thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah,
Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed
blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd
his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—Commend me to my valiant bro-
ther.
And more he would have said; and more he
spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves: for War-
wick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven.

[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S Body.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph,
with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an up-
ward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,

2 G 3

Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the
queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it
came:

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand
strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full us strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewks-
bury:

We having now the best at Barnetfield,
Wilt thither straight, For willingness rides
ways:

And, as we march, our strength will be aug-
mented

In every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and
away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

*March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince
EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Sol-
diers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit
and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-
board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too
much;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the
rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor! What of that?
And Montague our top-mast! What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of
these?

Why is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast;
The friends of France our shrouds and tack-
lings?

And though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind
say—no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.

2 G 3

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim: alas, 'tis but a while:
'Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands,
and rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,

Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!

And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—

O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee? Long may'st thou live,

To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,

Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,

Ready to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say,

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name,
lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that who finds Edward,

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty, you are all un- dutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*]
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*GLO. stabs him.*]
Clar. And there's for twitting me with per- jury. [*CLAR. stabs him.*]
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother:
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*]
Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man! this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst—
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children; butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off.

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her: go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do: sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it.
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed:
Petitioners for blood, thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*]
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.
London. A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a Book in his Hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*]
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught,
and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.—
But wherefore dost thou come, is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons, wives for their husband's fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,

To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world;
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech: [Stabs him.]
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death:

O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither, [Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was, which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his Throne; Queen ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Others, near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to Autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?

Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:

With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd,
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's
night :

Went all a foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in
peace ;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
laid ;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my
back :

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my
lovely queen ;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty.
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy
brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :—

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd
his master ;

And cried—all hail ! when as he } *Aside.*
meant—all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul de-
lights,

Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with
Margaret ?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her
hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,

Such as befit the pleasures of the court ?—

Sound, drums and trumpets !—farewell, sour
annoy !

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

Persons represented.

King EDWARD the FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales,
afterwards King EDWARD
the FIFTH. } *Sons to the*
RICHARD, Duke of York. } *King.*
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence. }
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, } *Brothers to*
afterwards King RICHARD } *the King.*
the THIRD.
A young son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards
King HENRY the SEVENTH.
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Can-
terbury.
THOMAS ROTHERAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of NORFOLK: Earl of SURREY his
son.
Earl RIVERS, brother to King Edward's
queen.
Marquis of DORSET, and Lord GREY, her
sons.

Earl of OXFORD. Lord HASTINGS. Lord
STANLEY. Lord LOVEL.
Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN. Sir RICHARD RAT-
CLIFF. Sir WILLIAM CATESBY. Sir
JAMES TYRREL. Sir JAMES BLOUNT.
Sir WALTER HERBERT. Sir ROBERT
BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Ano-
ther priest. Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.
Duchess of YORK, mother to King Edward
IV. Clarence, and Gloster.
Lady ANNE, widow of Edward prince of
Wales, son to King Henry VI.; after-
wards married to the Duke of Gloster.
A young daughter of Clarence.
Lords, and other Attendants, two Gentle-
men, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens,
Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Sol-
diers, &c.

Scene, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious
 wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
 front;
 And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
 majesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity;
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if king Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says—that G.
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.

Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,

That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty, Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence; may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,

As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;

From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.

Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,

If we will keep in favour with the king,

To be her men, and wear her livery;

The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,

Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,

Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;

His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship,
Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say:

We speak no treason, man:—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,

A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and, withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven;
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter;

What though I killed her husband, and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market:

Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—

Whilst I a while obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster—

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,

Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—

O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!

Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!

Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

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Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view;

And that be heir to his unhappiness!

If ever he have wife, let her be made

More miserable by the death of him,

Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—

Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there;

And, still as you are weary of the weight,

Rest you, whilst I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse: or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:—

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick!

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell govern'd arm hath butchered;

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God
nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of
pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am
no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the
truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so
angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let
me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee,
thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing shalt thou stand
excus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Thou didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Ed-
ward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou liest; queen
Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her
breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous
tongue,

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody
mind,

That never dreamt on aught but butcheries;
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God
grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that
hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt
never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send
him thither;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear
me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where
thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with
you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—
Is not the cause of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most ac-
curs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that ef-
fect;

Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my
cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beau-
ty's wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and
death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou
art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on
thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy hus-
band,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the
earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than
he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better
nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*]
Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for
thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a
place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected
mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike
thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at
once;

For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn
salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd
young Edward;—

[*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish
thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then man was never true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*
Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you:

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.*

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars

against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing?

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months

since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly dernier,

I do mistake my person all this while:

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS,
and Lord GREY.*

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no
doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes
him worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good
comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry
words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would be-
tide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a
lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all
harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham
and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal
grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as
you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my
lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, pro-
ceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded
malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord
of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham,
and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amend-
ment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks
cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you
confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make
atonement

Between the duke of Gloster and your bro-
thers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that
will never be;—

I fear, our happiness, is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not en-
dure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks
your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor
grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee
wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—

Whom God preserve better than you would
wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd com-
plaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake
the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,

Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so
bad,

That wrens may prey where eagles dare not
perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your mean-
ing, brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have
need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth
a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this
careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the
cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who
knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not? She may,—ay, marry,
may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a
king,

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too
long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant maid,
Then a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God,
I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of
the king?

Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said
I will avouch, in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too
well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your hus-
band king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:

To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than
his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your hus-
band Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your
husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you
are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still
thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father
Warwick,

Ay, and foreswore himself,—Which Jesu par-
don!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the
crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint like Ed-
ward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and
leave this world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge. to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;

So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a
pedlar:

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you sup-
pose

You should enjoy, were you this country's
king;

As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.—

[*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like sub-
jects;

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like
rebels?—

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou
in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast
marr'd;

That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banish'd on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;

And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his
eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king!
As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;

And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—

Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,

That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous hunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,

Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas!—

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloud
wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him:

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel!

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid:

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that hath done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace. [*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,

I do beweepe to many simple gulls;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;

And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter Two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?

Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me: [*Gives the Warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,

Talkers are no good doers; be assured,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads:—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily, to day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord?
I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from
the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward
England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in
falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-
board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears;
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks!
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scat-
ter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I
strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life;

O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
wick,

Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for per-
jury*

*Can this dark monarchy afford false Cla-
rence?*

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd
Clarence,*

*That stabb'd me in the field by Tewks-
bury;—*

*Seize on him, furies, take him to your tor-
ments!*

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted
you!

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these
things—

That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites
me!—

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease
thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor
children?—

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace
good rest!—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a Chair.*
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou fellow? and
how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and
I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than
tedious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[A Paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY,
who reads it.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep;
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wis-
dom: Fare you well.

[Exit BRAKENBURY.]

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he
sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly
when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he

shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing: and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No: we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to, —

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord, therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder? Wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son?

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree.

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, that he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murd'ring me?

Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—

Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

1 Murd. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. *[Stabs him. Exit with the body.]*

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 Murd. How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 Murd. I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. *[Exit.]*

1 Murd. So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. *[Exit]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from
grudging hate ;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before
your king ;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt
in this,—

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your
hand ;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ;—I will never
more remember.

Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings,
love lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces DORSET.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal
thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his
hate

Upon your grace, [*To the Queen.*] but with all
duteous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the
noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king,
and queen ;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent
the day :—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign
liege.—

Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,

Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity ;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous ser-
vice ;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;—

Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—

That all without desert have frown'd on me ;—

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen : indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night ;

I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept here-
after :—

I would to God, all strifes were well com-
pounded.—

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for
this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence ?

Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who
knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is
this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the
rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the
presence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was
revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order
died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear ;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag, to see him buried :—

God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service
done!

K. Edw. I prythee, peace ; my soul is full
of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness
hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou
request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
life ;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,

Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my bro-
ther's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me advis'd?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vas-

sals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon,
 pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for
 this.—

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
 Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
 DORSET and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd
 you not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence'
 death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

*Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and
 Daughter of Clarence.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father
 dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat
 your breast;

And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your
 head,

And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
 If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
 both;

I do lament the sickness of the king,
 As loath to lose him, not your father's death:
 It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he
 is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
 God will revenge it; whom I will importune
 With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king
 doth love you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,
 You cannot guess who caused your father's
 death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle
 Gloster

Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
 Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such
 gentle shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble,
 grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise
 is this!

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH distractedly;
 RIVERS, and DORSET, following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail
 and weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude im-
 patience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence;—
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
 Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
 Why wither not the leaves, that want their
 sap?—

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the
 king's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy
 sorrow,

As I had title in thy noble husband!
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd by looking on his images:

But now two mirrors of his princely sem-
 blance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from my
 arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble
 hands,

Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,

(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left un-moan'd,

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,

I am not barren to bring forth laments:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing;

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—un-grateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star;

But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—

VOL. II.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy, I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;

[*Aside.*

I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart sorrowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,

Now cheer each other in each other's love:

Though we have spent our harvest of this king, We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts, But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,

Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept: Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why, with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude, The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous, By how much the estate is green, and yet un-govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,

In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:

Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,

That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCK. and GLOSTER.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home: For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,

To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,

My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The same. A Street.**Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no: by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;

Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud;

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night:

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear;

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm,
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford:

And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;

I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin; it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young.

So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse? why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:
What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to unfold:

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,

With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were tost,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss;

And being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over blown, themselves, the conquerors.

Make war upon themselves: brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous

And frantick courage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to
sanctuary,—

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[To the Queen.

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part; I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep; And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours!

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOUCHIER, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London,
to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of
your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous:

Your grace attended to the sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts;

God keep you from them, and from such false
friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends!
but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes
to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

Mayor. God bless your grace with health
and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and
thank you all.— [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fye, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes
not

To tell us whether they would come, or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the
sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will
our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows,
not I,

The queen your mother, and your brother
York,

Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince

Would fain have come with me to meet your
grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fye! what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace Persuade the queen to send the duke of York Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him, And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York, Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land, Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

Too ceremonious, and traditional:

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,

And those who have the wit to claim the place: This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it: Then, taking him from thence, that is not there, You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;

But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day, or two, Your highness shall repose you at the Tower: Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place:

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd:

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long. [*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, } *Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;

With what his valour did enrich his wit, His wit set down to make his valour live. Death makes no conquest of this conqueror; For now he lives in fame, though not in life.— I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man, I'll win our ancient right in France again, Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. [*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so I must call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died, that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth: The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;

But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon,
little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you
as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross
in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean to bear me, not to bear
with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your
shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he
reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass
along!
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower,
my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have
it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry
ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not
fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Car-*
dinal, and Attendants.]
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; O, 'tis a parlous
boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—
Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the
way;—
What think'st thou; is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the
prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley?
will not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go,
gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Has-
tings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to lord William; tell
him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed
I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere
we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find
us both. [Exit CATESBY.
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if
we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat
we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the move-
ables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's
hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all
kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [Knocking.*Hast.* [Within.] Who knocks?*Mess.* One from lord Stanley.*Hast.* [Within.] What is't o'clock?*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious
nights?*Mess.* So it should seem by that I have to
say.First, he commends him to your noble lord-
ship.*Hast.* And then,—*Mess.* And then he sends you word, he
dreamt

To-night the boar had rased off his helm :
 Besides, he says, there are two councils held ;
 And that may be determin'd at the one,
 Which may make you and him to rue at the
 other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
 pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,
 And with all speed post with him toward the
 north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
 Bid him not fear the separated councils :
 His honour, and myself, are at the one ;

And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby :
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting in-
 stance :

And for his dreams—a wonder, he's so fond
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,

And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
 And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us
 kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what
 you say.

[Exit.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are
 early stirring :

What news, what news, in this our tottering
 state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How, wear the garland ? dost thou
 mean the crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut
 from my shoulders,
 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find
 you forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof :
 And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—

That, this same very day, your enemies,
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that
 news,

Because they have been still my adversaries :
 But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
 To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
 God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gra-
 cious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-
 month hence,

That they, who brought me in my master's
 hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
 I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.
Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious
 lord,

When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls
 it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : and so 'twill do
 With some men else, who think themselves
 as safe

As thou, and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear
 To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account
 of you,
 For they account his head upon the bridge.

[Aside.]

Hast. I know, they do ; and I have well
 deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear,
 man ?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

Stan. My lord, good-morrow ; and good-
 morrow, Catesby :—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
 I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as
 yours ;

And never, in my life, I do protest,
 Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :
 Think you, but that I know our state secure,
 I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
 from London,
 Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were
 sure,

And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;
 But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
 This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
 What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is
 spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot
 you what, my lord ?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better
 wear their heads,
 Than some, that have accus'd them, wear
 their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go, on before, I'll talk to this good
 fellow. [Exeunt STAN. and CATESBY.]
 How now, sirrah ? how goes the world with
 thee ?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please
 to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me
 now,
 Than when thou met'st me last where now we
 meet ;

Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
 By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;

But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
 This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his Purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour.

Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower!

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there:

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*]

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to Execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch: the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,

Richard the second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace;

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely, CATESBY, LOVEL, and Others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. *Exit ELY.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. *[Takes him aside.]*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business. And finds the testy gentleman so hot, That he will lose his head, ere give consent, His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden; For I myself am not so well provided, As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent

For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well, When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.

I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom, Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he; For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,

By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

That do conspire my death with devilish plots Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd Upon my body with their bellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence To doom the offenders; Whosoe'er they be, I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes, the witness of their evil,

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore, That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs!—Thou art a traitor:— Off with his head: now, by Saint Paul, I swear, I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;

The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this: Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm; But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower, As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God! Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head; They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower-walls.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—
Lord Mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS'S Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;

And your good graces both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:

Because, my lord, we would have had you heard

The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may

Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—

Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,

As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers and well learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords,
[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—

Go thou [to CAT.] to friar Penker;—bid them both

Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt LOVEL and CATESBY.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

A Street. Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how; well the sequel hangs together:—

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,

That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:

Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statuas, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which, when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:

His answer was—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:

Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,

At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save king Richard!*

And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
*Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:*

And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they;
Would they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. *[Exit GLOSTER.]*

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;

Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. *[Exit.]*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul;
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince

Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should
say us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes
again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have
assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them
thence;

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, be-
tween Two Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See where his grace stands 'tween
two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian
prince.

To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's plea-
sure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth
God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye:
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might
please your grace,

On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian
land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:

Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth:
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my great-
ness,—

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd,
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of
time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from
him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in
your grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts.
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the
prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And in this resolution, here we leave you;
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the Rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;

And so, most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—

[*To the Bishops.*]

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquis of DORSET; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloster, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister!
Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,

And take thy office from thee, on thy peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so; I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster. [*To the Duchess of Gloster.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Normother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way:

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

O my accursed womb, the bed of death;

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal, that must round my brow,

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!

Anointed let me be with deadly venom;

And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,

And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,

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This was my wish: *Bethou*, quoth I, *accurs'd* For making me, so young, so old a widow! And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife, (if any be so mad)

More miserable by the life of thee,

Then thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To DORSET.*]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To ANNE.*]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To Q. ELIZABETH.*]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen, And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes, Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, as King upon his Throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play
the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives:—Think now what I
would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would
be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned
liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Ed-
ward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble
prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kind-
ness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little
pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his
lip. [Aside.]

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted
fools, [Descends from his Throne.]

And unrespective boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-
spect.—

Boy,—

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom cor-
rupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty
mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call
him hither, boy.— [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my coun-
sels:

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither Catesby: rumour it
abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daugh-
ter:—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give
out,

That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:

About it: for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage
me.— [Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient
subject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend
of mine?

Tyr. Please you: but I had rather kill two
enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep
enemies.

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's dis-
turbors,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean these bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to
them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark,
come hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:
[Whispers.]

There is no more but so;—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [Exit.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my
mind

The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled
to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son.—
Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is
pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just
request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the
sixth

Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king?—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could
not at that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill
him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earl-
dom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at
Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name, I
started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock!

Buck. I am thus bold
To put your grace in mind of what you pro-
mis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou
keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you
will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in
the vein.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD, and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep
service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad
story.

*O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forest, girdling one an-
other*

*Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each
other.*

*A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth Forest, almost chang'd
my mind;*

*But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she
fram'd.—*

Hence both are gone with conscience and re-
morse,

They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health my sovereign
lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy
news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried
them:

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after
supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd
up close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in mar-
riage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good
night.

Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond
aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou
com'st in so bluntly!

Cate. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled
to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy
Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me
more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful comment-

ing
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary;
Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;

We must be brief, when traitors brave the
field. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter Queen MARGARET.*

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines silyly have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction am I witness to,
 And will to France; hoping, the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who
 comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princess! ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute,—
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
 Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
 And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
 When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
 Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
 As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
 [*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
 Give mine the benefit of seniory,
 And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,
 If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*
 Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him!

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
 That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves—
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloſe me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
 Young York he is but boot, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;

And the beholders of this tragick play,
 The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
 Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direful pageant,
 One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
 A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time!

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place. And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?

Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;

From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe:
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,

And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

[Exit *Q. MARGARET.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?

Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred;

What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [Exit.]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her. [Going.]

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters,
Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flutter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine?

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:

So from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;

And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen:
Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon engrave,

Edward, and York, then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not
the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love
of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but have thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,

Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,

And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,

Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—

wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;

Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times

Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl:

Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame

Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess

With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys;
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her
father's brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by

this alliance.
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may com-
mand, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's
King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and
mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever,
last?

K. Rich. Sweetly enforce unto her fair life's
end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet
life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature
lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes
of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her
subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she your subject, loathes such
sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being

plainly told.
K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my

loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh

a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and
too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep
and dead;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam;

that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-
strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter,
and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the
third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy ho-
nour;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly
virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not
wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here;
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrong'd in the time
o'er-past;

For I myself have many tears to wash.
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast
slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast
butcher'd!

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere used, by times ill us'd o'er past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy
rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine:
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do
good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance
wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I
bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy
will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the
deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly.
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and
so farewell.

[Kissing her. Exit *Q. ELIZABETH*.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—wo-
man!

How now? what news?

Enter *RATCLIFF*; *CATESBY* following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the west-
ern coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
duke of Norfolk:

Ratcliff, thyself,—or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient
haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither Post to
Salisbury;

When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful
villain, [To *CATESBY*.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the
duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your
highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good *Catesby*;—Bid him
levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do
at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there,
before I go?

Rat. Your highness' told me, I should post
before.

Enter *STANLEY*.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—*Stanley*,
what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you
with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good
nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest
way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore, Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave, I'll muster up my friends? and meet your grace,

Where, and at what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst begone to join with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;

I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. *[Exit STANLEY.]*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised, Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate, Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother, With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildford's are in arms;

And every hour more competitors

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death! *[He strikes him.]*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,

Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters, Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd; And he himself wander'd away alone, No man knows whether.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine. Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest: Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks, If they were his assistants, yea, or no; Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham,

Upon his party: he mistrusting them, Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies, Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,

That is the best news: That the earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost:—

Some one take order, Buckingham be brought To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—

That in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west,
in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned
soldier;

Sir Gilbert Talbert, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their
course,

If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend
me to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. [*Gives papers to Sir CHRIS.*
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury. *An open Place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCK-
INGHAM, led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak
with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be pa-
tient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children,
Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my
body's doomsday.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this, All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters'
bosoms:

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my
neck,—

*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart
with sorrow,*

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
blame. [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.*

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, RICH-
MOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir
WALTER HERBERT, and Others, with
Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most
loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful
vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes
his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's
march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn
to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are
friends for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
name, march;

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
wings,

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures
kings, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King RICHARD, and Forces; the
Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY,
and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here
in Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my
looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks:
Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my
loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.*
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that,—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen, Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:— Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords. Some of the soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car, Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.— Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;— I'll draw the form and model of our battle, Limit each leader to his several charge, And part in just proportion our small power. My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—

And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me: The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;— Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him, And by the second hour in the morning Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me; Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,

(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,) His regiment lies half a mile at least South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible, Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen.

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business; In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord: It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to night.— Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was?— And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:— [*To CATESBY.*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.— Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself, Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit, Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—

So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me. About the mid of night, come to my tent

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*King RICHARD retires into his Tent.*
Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

RICHMOND'S Tent opens, and discovers him, and Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good: So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east. In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy battle early in the morning; And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war, I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,) With best advantage will deceive the time

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms: But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George Be executed in his father's sight:

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell
upon;

God give us leisure for these rites of love:
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed
well!

Rich. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a
nap;

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c. with STANLEY.

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

[*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To King RICHARD.*

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth

At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed
body
[*To King RICHARD.*

By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and
die;

Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

[*To RICHMOND.*

Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and
flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To King RICHARD.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and
die!—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To RICHMOND.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and
flourish:

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, & VAUGHAN, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To King RICHARD.*

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul
despair! [*To King RICHARD.*

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan: and, with
guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[*To King RICHARD.*

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom [*To RICHMOND.*

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To King RICHARD.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and
die!—

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[*To RICHMOND.*

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's
sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd
in the Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and
death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake
in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched
Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and
die!—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To RICHMOND.*

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to
the crown; [*To King RICHARD.*

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and
death;

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To RICHMOND.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts out of his dream.*]

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—blind up my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason:
Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well.—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*]

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—

[*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.

Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing

swords;

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold

face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is. [Clock strikes.]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago;
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord: the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scrawl.*]

K. Rich. [reads.] *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,*

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords
our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous
wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd
themselves;

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our
fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and
thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our
wives?

Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their
drum. [Drum afar off.]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold
yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in
blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his
power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's
head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within
my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them? Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue,
rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die:

I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long usurped royalty,

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all:—

But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose with the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again!

And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;

That she may long live here, God say—Amen,

[*Exeunt.*]

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Persons represented.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *twin Brothers,*
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *and Sons to*
 } *Ægeon and*
 } *Æmilia, but*
 } *unknown to*
 } *each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *twin Brothers, and*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *Attendants on*
 } *the two Antipho-*
 } *luses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Sy-
racuse.

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at*
Ephesus.

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *her Servant.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene, Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officer, and
other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my
fall,

And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:

The enmity and discord, which of late

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your
duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their
bloods,

Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars

'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,

To admit no traffic to our adverse towns;

Nay, more,

If any, born at Ephesus, be seen

At any Syracusan marts and fairs,

Again, if any Syracusan born,

Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;

Unless a thousand marks be levied,

To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;

Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your

words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the
cause

Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been
impos'd,

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;

Yet, that the world may witness, that my end

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born: and wed

Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increased,

By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;

And he (great care of goods at random left)

Drew me from kind embracements of my

spouse:

From whom my absence was not six months
old,

Before herself (almost at fainting, under

The pleasing punishment that women bear,)

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.

There she had not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the
other,

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

A poor mean woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:

Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

Made daily motions for our home return: }

Unwilling I agreed ; alas ! too soon.
 We came aboard :
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
 Before the always wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragick instance of our harm :
 But longer did we not retain much hope :
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was,—for other means was none.—
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us :
 My wife more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight obedient to the stream,
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full

What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother ; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant, (for his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name),
 Might bear him company in the quest of him ;
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.

But here must end the story of my life ;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap !

Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can :

Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help by beneficial help :

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live : if not then thou art doom'd to die :—
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,

But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day a Syracusan merchant

Is apprehended for arrival here ;

And, not being able to buy out his life,

According to the statute of the town,

Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.

Within this hour it will be dinner-time :

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town

Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,

And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary,

Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit Dro. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart;
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

I to the world am like a drop of water,

That in the ocean seeks another drop;

Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,

Unseen, inquisitive confounds himself:

So I, to find a mother, and a brother,

In quest of them, unhappy lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date,—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd
so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;

The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,

My mistress made it one upon my cheek:

She is so hot, because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold, because you come not home;

You come not home, because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;

But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—six-pence, that I had o'Wednesday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—

The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:

I from my mistress come to you in post;

If I return, I shall be post indeed;

Forshe will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your o'clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou has dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;

My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours.

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.—

If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,

And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, will thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? There take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DROMIO E.*]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,

The villain is o'er-raught of all my money,

They say this town is full of cozenage:

As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye;

Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such-like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear, my money is not safe, [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.**Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.**Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave
return'd,That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.*Luc.* Perhaps some merchant hath invited
him,And from the mart he's somewhere gone to
dinner;

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master: and when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours
be more?*Luc.* Because their business still lies out
o'door.*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes
it ill.*Luc.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.*Luc.* Why headstrong liberty is lash'd with
woe.There's nothing, situate under heav'n's eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky:The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject and at their controls:Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,Are masters to their females and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the mar-
riage-bed.*Adr.* But were you wedded, you would
bear some sway.*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.*Adr.* How if your husband start some other
where?*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would
forbear.*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though
she pause;They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,As much, or more, we should ourselves com-
plain:So thou that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st re-
lieve me:But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to
try;—Here comes your man, now is your husband
nigh.*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.**Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me,
and that my two ears can witness.*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him?
know'st thou his mind?*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon
mine ear:

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst
not feel his meaning?*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I
could too well feel his blows; and withal so
doubtfully, that I could scarce understand
them.*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is
horn-mad.*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but,
sure, he's stark mad;When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:*Your meat doth burn*, quoth I; *My gold*,
quoth he:*Will you come home?* quoth I; *My gold*,
quoth he:*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee*,
villain?*The pig*, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth
he:*My mistress, sir*, quoth I; *Hang up thy*
mistress;*I know not thy mistress; out on thy mis-*
*tress!**Luc.* Quoth who?*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mis-*
tress;—So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For in conclusion he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch
him home.*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten
home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate
across.*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with
other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy
master home.*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you
with me,That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me
hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [Exit.]

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures: My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-arming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—

Would that alone alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,

That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up

Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation, and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio, since at first

I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,

That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir! when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [Beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would

leave battering, I had rather have it a head:

an you use these blows long, I must get a

sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or

else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But,

I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well; sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd
would'st vow

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For, know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?

And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,

And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou

do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true

bed;

I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I
know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd
with you;

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return
from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this
gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her
very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my
life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by
our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more con-
tempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger
state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me
for her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread
for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a
sinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spite!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and
blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and an-
swerest not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou
sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not
I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so
am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in
my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to
an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long
for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows
me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to
scorn.—

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in
hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break
your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too
late. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO
of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must ex-
cuse us all:

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat
him.

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in
gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou, drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean
by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know
what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your
hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows
you gave were ink,
You own handwriting would tell you what I
think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at
that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware
of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar:
'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good
welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and
your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O signior Balthazar, either at flesh
or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one
dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every
churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for
that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes
a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more
sparing guest;

But though my cates be mean, take them in
good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with
better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely,
Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon,
coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at
the hatch;

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st
for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee
from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?
My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [within.] What a coil is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—
When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you were in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master; if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking;
Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee!
I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown:
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty, and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expense. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot

A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:
Be secret false; What need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attainment?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,) Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

Vol. II.

But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;

And in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No; It is thyself, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[Exit LUCIANA.]

Enter from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as

a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend,

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir?—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three-quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had

about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;

And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk, till thou return to me. If every one know us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[Exit.]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She that doth call me husband, even my soul doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself: But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine: The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[Exit.]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;

But this I think, there's no man is so vain, That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay; If any ship put out, then straight away.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due.

And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith: get thee gone:
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year!
I buy rope! [*Exit DROMIO.*]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you:

I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
That I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ant. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me: the chain—

Ant. E. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance;

Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnium,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou
peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire
waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee
for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end
as soon:

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more
leisure,

And teach your ears to listen with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats: let her send it;

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; begone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer,
and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where he din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil,

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austere in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no!

Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or mer-
rily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no
right,

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more
my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger
here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet for-
sworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd
of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt
thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit
might move,

First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have
his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such
a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were
worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:

My heart, prays for him, though my tongue
do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse;
sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he
well?

Dro. S. No, he's in tartar limbo, worse
than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with
steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that
countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow
lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws
dryfoot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor
souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter? he is
'rrested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at
whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is
arrested, well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him,
that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the
money in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit LUCIANA.*]

That he unknown to me, should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger
thing;

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I
were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock
strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I
never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a ser-
geant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly
dost thou reason?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes
more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard
men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in
the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a
day.

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear
it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister, I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth
salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And shew'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body—
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent
me for: What have you got the picture of old
Adam new apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam
dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the pa-
radise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison:
he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd
for the prodigal; he that came behind you,
sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake
your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, tis a plain case: he
that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather;
the man, sir, that when gentlemen are tired,
gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir,
that takes pity on decayed men, and gives
them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest
to do more exploits with his mace, than a
morris-pike.

Ant. S. What? thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band;
he, that brings any man to answer it, that
breaks his band: one that thinks a man al-
ways going to bed, and says, *God give you
good rest.*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.
Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we
be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an
hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth
to-night; and then were you hindered by the
sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay; Here

are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Anti-
pholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt
me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's
dam; and here she comes in the habit of a
light wench; and thereof comes, that the
wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much
as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It
is written, they appear to men like angels of
light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will
burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn: Come
not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous
merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our din-
ner here,

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-
meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon,
that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou
me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at
dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of
one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us
with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the
chain;

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dro-
mio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mis-
tress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain!

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

(Besides this present instance of his rage,)

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his en-
trance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not
break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day:
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the
money.

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will
pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for
the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a
rope.

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at
the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie
thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir: and to that
end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will wel-
come you. [Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I
am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold
his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that
I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but
blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may
prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him
from the hour of my nativity to this instant,
and have nothing at his hands for my service,
but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with
beating: when I am warm, he cools me with
beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep;
raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors
with it, when I go from home; welcomed
home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it
on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat;
and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall
beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Cour-
tezan, with PINCH, and Others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming
yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect
your end; or rather the prophecy, like the
parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.]

Cour. How say you now? is not your hus-
band mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel
your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel
your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within
this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am
not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed
soul!

Ant. E. You minion you, are these your
customers?

Did this companion with a saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you
din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this
time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain,
what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine
at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and
I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd,
and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me
there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you
there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail,
taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal
scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from
thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear
witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these con-
traries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his
vein,

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd:

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his assistants bind ANT. and DROMIO.*]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go, The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,

Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and assistants with ANT. and DRO.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring, (The ring I saw upon his finger now,)

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it,—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.*]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.**Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,

Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:

I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—

Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. and DROMIO to the Priory.*]*Enter the Abbess.*

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much, much different from the man he was;

But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?

Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls;

Sweat recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast;

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and
wildly,—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own re-
proof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my hus-
band forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanc-
tuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney, but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy
prayers,

To make of him a formal man again:

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my hus-
band here;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not
have him. *[Exit Abbess.]*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this in-
dignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his
feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold
his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the
abbey.

*Enter Duke attended; ÆGEON bare-headed;
with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the
abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus,
my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)

Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of
him;

And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn
swords,

Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him
hence.

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy com-
mand,

Let him be brought forth, and borne hence
for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me
in my wars;

And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy
bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save
yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands
of fire;

And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pales of puddled mire to quench the
hair;

My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man
are here;

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[Cry within.]

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing,
Guard with halberts.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human
reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh,
grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make
me dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that
woman there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find
me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the
doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, did'st
thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and
my sister,

To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Lud. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep
on night,

But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both
forsworn.

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from
dinner:

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd
with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him: In the street I met him;

And in his company, that gentleman,

There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me
down,

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,

Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the
which

He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home

For certain ducats: he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer,

To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-
fac'd villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

A living dead man: this pernicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,

And with no face, as 'twere out-facing me,

Cries out I was possess'd: then altogether

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;

And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound to-
gether;

Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately

Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
with him;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee,
or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran
in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears
of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him;

After you first forswore it on the mart,

And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,

From whence, I think, you are come by
miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey
walls,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:

I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!

And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is
this!

I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have
been;

If he were mad, he would not plead so
coldly:—

You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith
here

Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there at
the Porcupine.

Cour. He did: and from my finger snatch'd
that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had
of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey
here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your
grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange: Go call the
abbess hither;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not;
and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)

Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,

Can witness with me that it is not so;

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:

I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan, and DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see him.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio, command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio, pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty:—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;

If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on this fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he, and I,

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;

But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidamnus:

What then became of them, I cannot tell;

I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right;

These two Antipholus's, these two so like,

And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renown'd uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister, here,

Did call me brother:—What I told you then,

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir, I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

And Dromio, my man, did bring them me:

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's error

Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,

My heavy burdens are delivered:—

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;

After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us: we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and E.*

ADR. and LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother: I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF VOL. II.

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